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Greatest Circulation in the World

"The Nation's Reading Habit"

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Week of May 25, 1941

There Comes a Time in Every Woman's Life When Her Fifteen-Year-Old Daughter Says, "Mother, You Are So Old-Fashioned." In That Moment Your Dream World Tumbles Down Around Your Ears Like a Wet Hat. You Suddenly Realize That Stone Walls Do Not a Prison Make, Nor Vanishing Cream a Face. All Your Daughter Asked Was Permission to Attend a Week-End Party in the Senior Barracks of the Graduating Class at West Point. You Set Your Foot Down as Firmly as the Cornerstone of the New Post Office Building. Instantaneous Etiquette in This Case Would Be to Fill in Your Wrinkles with Putty, Dust Lightly with Grated Nutmeg and keep in a Nice, Cool, Quiet, Dark Place.



Instantaneous Etiquette (Continued)

Presented in Pictures by—FISH,
Brilliant English Satirist.
Answered by—Mr. Arthur "Bugs" Baer,
Our Own Arbitrer of Unusual Social Problems

Preamble to a Predicament By MR. BAER

As gentleman-in-waiting to a deadly lull I have often found that taking the bull by the horns was a good way to sprain both wrists. Park Avenue society has reached that exquisite apex in effete nonchalance where a barroom brawl is a contretemps and alcoholic gyrations are poses plastique. There are embarrassing moments that must be succeeded over with a moultage of tact and intuition. You must beat the other man to the punch, but not with your chin.

In this new series of Instantaneous Etiquette I hope to get you started in all directions like a porcupine's hair-do. Just because the apoplectic hostess screams to her butler, "James, Mr. Boleps's hat and coat," is no reason why you should forget your umbrella. So, in your safari toward social success, follow Instantaneous Etiquette and see who gets there first.



While Laughing Heartily at One of Your Own Jokes Your False Teeth Pop Out. The Teeth Are Smiling at You From Your Lap and Your Husband Is Glaring at You in a New Kind of Disgust. Instantaneous Etiquette Cannot Do Much With an Embarrassing Moment After It Becomes a Habit. If You Haven't Consulted Your Dentist Twice a Year We Advise You to Pay Him Two Visits at the Same Time.



You Are One of Those People Who Buy Everything They Hear Boosted on the Radio. You Laid in a Minute's Supply of Crispy, Crispy, Croupy Fruit Juice Tablets Made of Roots, Herbs and Berries. Your Boy Friend Has Taken an Exploratory Sip and Said It Tastes Like His Food Is Asleep. He Has the Glass in One Hand and His Hat in the Other and It's a Question Which One He Is Going to Use First. Instantaneous Etiquette Advises You to Stick to the Good Old Home Remedies Like Sulphur and Molasses, Mustard Poultices and Ipecac.

You Have Been Invited to a Large Party and the Large Party Wants to Dance. While You Are Dancing the Waiter Has Placed the Check for the Dinner at Your Place. Instantaneous Etiquette Has Always Claimed That Quick Thinking Is Better Than Common Sense. Keep Dancing Until the Orchestra Goes into an Old-Fashioned Waltz. Whirl the Large Party Around Until She Gets Dizzier Than Corn in the Popper and Then Set Her Down Suddenly on Your Chair Alongside the Dinner Check. Caesar's Wife Should Be Above Suspicion If You've Whirled Her Enough.

One Waffle Iron Is Enough for Breakfast, One Door Mat Enough for Everybody and One Flag and Country Enough for Us All. But How Is It That One Bathroom Is Never Enough for a Small But Roughed-Up Family of Two? It's Busier Than a Bus Terminal When You Are Trying to Take a Bath While You Are in the Mood. Your Wife Is Looking for Her Face in the Medicine Closet and the Front Door Bell Announces That Company Has Arrived. Instantaneous Etiquette Thinks This Problem Should Be Stugged Out by the Happy Family Itself. But Makes a Recommendation That Now the Nation Has Found a Good Five-Cent Cigar What It Needs Most Is a Place to Smoke It in Comfort.

(To Be Continued Next Week)





Johann Ketzler, a German Gourmet, Got No Medal—He Didn't Even Get a Stomachache—For Eating a Meal of 80 Sausages in Less Than Two Hours.

How to Grow Warts For These Freak Champions

THERE are scores of unique championship contests held in all parts of the world in which most people are not aware. The news that such and such a person has won the championship in, say, pie-eating and the fact that this individual really is entitled to be a champion rarely enters the reader's mind. Yet, a host of these record-makers exists, many of them unknown, and almost all of them unusual.

The quick-shaving champion of England, and possibly of the world, is Robert Hardie, a Manchester barber. Hardie's record of shaving five men in one minute and 15 seconds stood for some years, but not long ago the champion of the razor thought he would try for a new and better mark, so he shaved six men in one minute and 29 seconds.

Now he challenges the world, offering a bet of 500 pounds sterling, and his money can be won by anyone who will match him at either quick shaving or blindfold shaving. Barber Hardie can shave one man, no matter how harsh his beard, in 12 seconds, or he will let himself be blindfolded and then make a clean job of it in 27 seconds. Besides these feats, which are accomplished with an ordinary straight razor, Hardie will give any man a perfectly satisfactory shave with a carving knife in 45 seconds, or with a penknife in 28 seconds.

The sight of 150 men calmly puffing at pipes and seated at tables with judges watching every move is a strange one, but it can be seen in Dublin, Eire. The rules for this contest, to name the champion of the pipe-smoking world, are that each man be provided with one-eighth ounce of tobacco, that he furnish his own pipe, to be passed on by the judges before being lighted, that the pipes are to be filled once only, and that 40 seconds be allowed for lighting up with no relighting permitted. The smoker who makes his pipe last for the longest period wins the championship. Two hours and 12 minutes was the best time last year, and the new champion was Thomas Woods, a painter by trade and a smoker by choice.

M. Jean Ricard, a market porter, holds the weight-carrying championship of Paris for 1941. He carried in competition with several hundred other porters many large sacks filled with very heavy merchandise. Ricard won by supporting a burden of approximately 600 pounds on his shoulders. The distance he covered was about 30 yards and his time was 58 seconds flat.

Messrs Harry Jackson and Peter MacLaren, both of Sydney, Australia, hold the tree-felling championship. Jackson, in a recent exhibition cut through a tree 63 inches in circumference in one minute and 11 seconds. He also sawed through a tree 76 inches in girth in two minutes and 12 seconds. The two partners won the double-haul saw championship by slicing through a tree 78 inches in circumference in 42 seconds.

Perhaps no one has topped Johann Ketzler's gastronomic record. The centenary of his birth was recently celebrated with great gusto in Munich beer cellars and sausage restaurants. Ketzler, the son of a poor Munich shoemaker, soon rose to fame because of his appetite. His prodigious powers of eating made him a legendary and heroic figure to all Germans, and because his gargantuan appetite had completely disorganized the army commissary, King Ludwig released Ketzler from his military service. Later he was given the official title "Champion Eater of Bavaria" by the Royal Council.

Although a porter by trade, Ketzler actually earned his living by winning bets as an eater. Among his famous gastronomic feats were eating 100 liver dumplings at a single meal, 80 hot sausages in two hours, 80 ordinary sausages in one hour and 55 minutes, three roasted geese weighing 19 pounds in two and a half hours, 200 fried potatoes in three hours, and an ox, roasted whole and weighing 1,000 pounds, in 42 days.

On another occasion he won a house worth 3,000 marks by consuming a mixture of 20 pounds of calves' lungs and ten portions of sauerkraut, washed down with two gallons of beer in one hour and 40 minutes. His last and most famous feat was to eat three pounds of dry hay in less than two hours.

Nearly 40 years ago the Central Shoelace Society of London, England, inaugurated a shoelace-champion contest among its members, and a competition has been held every year since. Out of some 50 boys who constitute the staff of the organization, six are chosen to represent the society. The boys themselves vote for their favorites. They take pride in their work and if they believe they have become expert enough to compete they celebrate by putting their names on the entry blanks. Three factors are taken into consideration. They are time, quality, and general style of the work done. The match is judged by several public officials, presided over by an officer of a shoe polish concern who awards the prizes.

The event takes place every May, and the conditions are the same as those prevailing in the streets—that is to say, the boys come direct from their stations with ordinary shoeshine equipment to enter the contest.

A gold medal, which the championship carries, is held for one year only, but the gold watch which goes with the medal is the winner's absolute property. Three other prizes are awarded, and the honor of holding the gold medal is much coveted.

Where People Strangle The Relatives They Love Best

THE queer practice of strangling the members of one's immediate family so that their souls will go to Paradise has been reported again from remote Rossel Island in British New Guinea.

Though believed to have been stamped out long ago by Australian mandate authorities and native policemen, the strange superstitious rite is said still to take place in the primitive inland villages, which, because of their virtual inaccessibility, are cut off from the white man's law along the coast.

In the early days, the natives used to murder their loved ones by smothering them and by kneeling on their chests until their ribs were broken, but after the turn of the century white traders reported that strangulation had become the approved method. It was thus that Rossel received its evil sobriquet, the "Island of Strangers."

Rossel, lying immediately south of the 11th Parallel 700 miles northeast of Australia, is a lonely, mountainous little island almost continually shrouded in mist and rain. The squat, brown, bushy-haired natives are of mixed Malay extraction and are commonly called Papuans, after Papua, the native name for New Guinea. On Rossel the people are only one generation removed from cannibalism and headhunting.

In the interior of the island, Mount Rossel rises majestically into a purple haze. The mountain is the home of the supreme deity Wonojo, who is believed to reside directly on top of it in his etherial dwelling, called Ngwo.

Principally, it is the favor of Wonojo that is sought when the natives participate in the strange strangulation practices. The idea of strangling to death the relatives that they love best originated in the belief that the ghost which is the spirit of a dying person of its own accord would be forced to wander around in a purgatory for a while and then be consigned to a vague hell.

According to Captain Pelle Linnet, a Danish cargo trader of Melbourne, Australia, who operates a schooner to Rossel, the practice is generally applied to one's father, mother, brothers and sisters. For example, if one's father were dying, he would be choked to death by his sons as soon as a natural death appeared to be inevitable. If a son or daughter were dying, the business might be reversed and the father, aided by an elder brother or two of the dying person, might do the strangling. These murders are carried out by the male members of the clan wherever possible, principally because the men are stronger and more able to hold a writhing victim.

In the inland village of Gwoji early this year a saw young native pierced by a spear during a frenzied argument. Blood was gushing from his side, and as he fell to the ground with only a few moments to live, about a half dozen of those who were witnessing the argument,

some of whom were his brothers, leaped on him and held him down. A length of cord was called for and he was quickly strangled before he had a chance to bleed to death.

In 1888, a Scottish sailor in the company of Sir William MacGregor, the British explorer, described the old-fashioned smothering process as follows: "When we came to the village (a small settlement near the base of Mt. Rossel) there was a crowd standing around a man who was lying on his back on the ground apparently dying and gasping for breath. Suddenly four men threw themselves upon him and three men sat on him while the fourth held his mouth and nose. As he was an old shriveled man, he soon expired under this treatment, which was a very strange thing to witness."

If a person dies an accidental death away from his relatives, it is thought to be unlucky and the usual unpleasant residence in hell is thought to follow.

Though life with various superstitions and religious beliefs, Rossel has two definite heavens. They are Yuma, the destination of most of the spirits, which is a hill on the western extremity of the island, and Temewe, the floor of the lagoons surrounding Rossel.

Only the good, it is believed, go to Temewe, and the good on the "Island of the Strangers" are classified as of good type. If a man steals, commits adultery or practices sorcery, he is considered a native, either of one's relatives or anyone else, was never looked on as a crime until the white man came.

It is so far as is known, the only white man murdered there. The murder was so common that a native, gripped, stricken, say, over the death of a chief of his tribe, might murder the idea of a native man not as a strange means of alleviating his sorrow. Also, the penalty for thievery was death for the wretched thief who cooked the thief's food.

So far as is known, the only white man murdered there was a Frenchman named Lucien Filini, killed in 1892, although there is an account in Rossel's history of 53 shipwrecked Chinese seamen being killed and eaten by the natives in 1854.

Filini was seized and taken to death with spears, knives and axes. The reason alleged for the murder was that he was "after their women," but there were some traders who said that Filini had witnessed one of the strangulation deaths, and the natives, learning that he was going to report the episode to the authorities, murdered him also.

Otherwise the natives were generally peaceful as evidenced by the fact that the most popular methods of strangulation of once loved ones are these: 1.—A cord of native human hair spun to the thickness of a pencil is placed around the neck and twisted as a noose. 2.—A cord of the fibers of the tough pandanus plant is lashed around the victim's throat and then pulled taught by two husky natives who hold the victim down on the ground while another aborigine presses the edge of a warrior's shield against the person's windpipe.

In more brutal ph-bromaking methods, the arms and legs often were broken to hasten death.



The Nearest of Kin Keeps a Vigil Beside the Body of the Dying Person and, at Just the Proper Moment, Strangles Out the Last Breath of Life—as an Act of Affection.

How Much Heat Can A Man Stand And Live?

IF an extreme heat of 160 to 180 degrees Fahrenheit is the most that the average man can stand for any length of time, then the men who work in the Constock silver mines in Nevada—the hottest mines in the world—are to be pitied.

The shafts and galleries of these mines are over 250 miles long, more than 3,000 feet deep, and at the 2,700 foot level the temperature of water is 153 degrees and the air is 128 degrees. In another shaft the temperature rises to 170 degrees, and men can work in it for only ten or 15 minutes at a time.

The temperature in Death Valley, California, runs up to 140 degrees in the shade—just a nice place for one of these silver miners to sit down and cool off.

But one of the hottest jobs belongs to stokers on ocean-going steamships. They shovel coal close by a thermometer that indicates 160 to 180 degrees, and in addition they get the shoveling direct heat from the furnace's mouth. Yet they do not seem unhealthily, and thousands of them make a business of crossing the Atlantic earning their living in the boiler room.

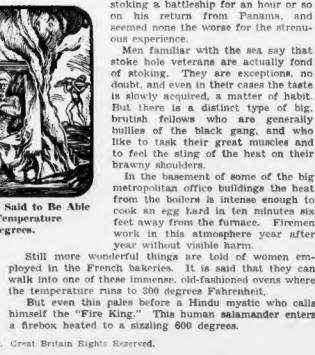
In 1909 President Theodore Roosevelt tried his hand at

stoking a battleship for an hour or so on his return from Panama, and he learned the worse for the strenuous experience.

Men familiar with the sea say that stoke hole veterans are actually fond of stoking. They are exceptions, no doubt, and even in their cases the taste is slowly acquired, a matter of habit. But there is a distinct type of big, brutish fellows who are generally bullies of the black gang, and who like to task their great muscles and to feel the sting of the heat on their brawny shoulders.

In the basement of some of the big metropolitan office buildings the heat from the boilers is intense enough to cook an egg hard in ten minutes six feet away from the furnace. Firemen work in this atmosphere year after year without visible harm.

Still more wonderful things are told of women employed in the French bakeries. It is said that they can walk into one of these immense, old-fashioned ovens where the temperature runs to 300 degrees Fahrenheit, and that they have a Hindu mystic who calls himself the "Fire King." This human salamander enters a firebox heated to a sizzling 600 degrees.



A Hindu Mystic Is Said To Be Able To Stand a Temperature of 600 Degrees.



The Head-Hunters Sometimes Drive Their Victims Into the Open by First Setting Fire to Their Grass-Roofed Homes—Then They Use the Spear and the Axe.

Cannibals Still Collecting Human Heads

THIS may sound incredible in the year 1941 A. D., but a tribe of head-hunters is still causing the Philippine constabulary plenty of trouble in the head-hunting gentry are descendants of the fierce Ilongot tribes and like their ancestors still inhabit the mountain fastnesses along the provincial boundaries of Tayabas, Nueva Vizcaya and Nueva Ecija on the Island of Luzon.

Although the natives have been civilized to the extent of wearing long-sleeved shirts when they go to town, they still practice head-hunting at certain seasons of the year. Since the latest outbreak, in which three women and two men were decapitated in Baler, Tayabas, home of President Manuel Quezon, the constabulary has made a study of the tribe's social life to find a motive for their savagery.

They found that the victims are invariably Christian Filipino settlers who live near the Ilongots' hunting grounds, and the latter apparently believe that the Christians are depriving them of their wild game and forest products. As a consequence, the constabulary recommended an increase in the number of police detachments for a concerted campaign to stamp out the ancient practice.

Few persons realize that the head-hunter really is an American. He is probably the most peculiar, and certainly the most ferocious, of those who can claim that title. Numerically, the Ilongots are one of the least important of the insular tribes, for they live only in the wild Sierra Madre Mountains of northern Luzon, and in a way that cannot support great numbers. His small numbers are pretty nearly the only good thing about him.

The Ilongots have thin lips, straight black hair, regular features, small hands and feet. They make their homes in the most inaccessible mountains, often many miles from their fields and rice paddies. From much climbing they develop strong, wiry limbs.

There are no good Ilongots but dead ones. Head-hunting is their religion and they are all good church members. Every year, just as soon as their crops are planted, they start after "trophies." They claim that if no heads are secured at that time their crops will fail and all of them will starve. They hunt heads between times as well as this crop-planting in just a kind of religious revival.

When a head-hunting raid is planned, about six of the most skilled males start out at dark, armed with spears and wicked-looking head-axes. They decide beforehand on a certain rancheria or Filipino settlement, probably 20 or 30 miles away. Traveling is done entirely at night. The head-hunters do not follow any trail, but steal through the mountain forests, managing to reach their destination just at dawn.

When the Filipinos come out of their homes the head-hunters swoop down, kill every one they possibly can, cut off a head apiece, and are gone before the villagers fully realize what has happened. If they arrive at their destination during the night, a burning brand is thrown onto the thatched roof of a house, and as the panic-stricken inmates rush out of their blazing homes, the Ilongots slay them on the spot, sparing neither woman nor child.

When the expedition has been successful, the head-hunters return. If only one head has been taken, it is cut up equally and divided among the members of the party. When they reach home, they have a big feast and dance. The skulls of their victims are then placed among other previously collected and suspended in baskets at the entrances to their dwellings—until the constabulary makes its rounds. Then the trophies are spirited away until the unwelcome visitors have departed.

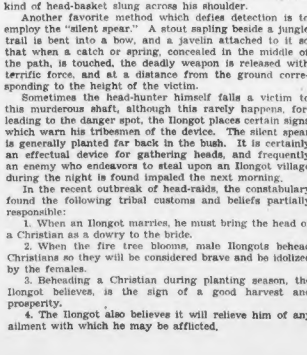
Sometimes Ilongots hunt in pairs. Then they generally lie by the side of the trail, having first placed little sharp spikes of wood on the path, so that any one passing will wound his foot. While the luckless one is plucking out slivers, the hidden head-hunter spears him, cuts off his head with an axe and carries it home to the trophy in a special kind of head-basket slung across his shoulder.

Another favorite method which defies detection is to employ the "silent spear." A stout sapling beside a jungle trail is bent into a bow, and a javelin attached to it so that when a catch or spring, concealed in the middle of the path, is touched, the deadly weapon is released with terrific force, and at distance from the ground corresponding to the height of the victim.

Sometimes the head-hunter himself falls a victim to this "silent spear," although this rarely happens, for, leading to the danger spot, the Ilongots place certain signs which warn his tribesmen of the device. The silent spear is generally planted far back in the bush. It is certainly an effective device for gathering heads, and frequently an enemy who endeavors to steal upon an Ilongot village during the night is found impaled the next morning.

In the recent cultural studies made by the constabulary found the following tribal customs and beliefs partially responsible:

1. When an Ilongot marries, he must bring the head of a Christian as a dowry to the bride.
2. When the fire tree blooms, male Ilongots behead Christians so they will be considered brave and be idolized by their tribes.
3. Beheading a Christian during planting season, the Ilongot believes, is the sign of a good harvest and prosperity.
4. The Ilongot also believes it will relieve him of any ailment with which he may be afflicted.



A Hindu Mystic Is Said To Be Able To Stand a Temperature of 600 Degrees.

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Capt. Cunningham-Reid, Star Cinderella Man



Doris Duke at a New York Night Club Showing the Photographer Just How Unconventional She Can Look If She Wants to.



"Honolulu! Honolulu!" Shout the Members of Parliament When Capt. Cunningham-Reid Opens His Mouth to Speak. And He Sits Sits Down Silent, Blushing, But Smiling.

HONOLULU! Honolulu! Honolulu! His fellow Members of Parliament went about this in union at him when Capt. Alec S. Cunningham-Reid arose to speak and they kept it up until finally he sits down with a smile.

His constituents angrily demand his resignation but he only smiles and keeps right on drawing his M. P. salary of \$5,000 a year.

His party has repudiated him and still he smiles.

The broadest smile of all was when Justice Langton the other day ordered the Captain's divorced wife to pay him a third of her income for the custody of their two children who are being brought up under the eye of Doris Duke. In that same Honolulu.

Nobody knows whether the tobacco heiress could send the Captain a bill. But Doris who is often "too generous for her own good," her friends say, only pays bills—she never sent one in her life.

In handing down that generous plum, the judge made the following comment:

"Captain Cunningham-Reid is simply a gentleman not accustomed to the more intricate side of financial affairs."

For a man who has no grasp of money matters, the Captain has done miraculously well for himself.

His latest triumph is only one of a long series by which this "Cinderella man" who married one of England's greatest heiresses, in 1927, finds himself with a handsome, untaxed income today, while that same heiress, now divorced, is so impoverished by war-taxation that she has to live in just two little rooms.

Cunningham-Reid came out of the World War with a fine record and the title of Captain in the Royal Air Force, but no money. He applied for work as a secretary.

A lady secretary, if good and beautiful, may marry a millionaire boss and, when divorced, relieve him of some of his millions for herself and also still more wealth for custody of his children. A gentleman secretary may marry a rich lady employer, but on parting usually gets only "the gate."

The Captain couldn't end that much because his employer was the immensely wealthy Sir Wilfrid Ashley, about to acquire also the title of Lord Mount Temple.

Anyone with the least knowledge of England's old and wealthy families could have told the secretary exactly what he might expect. If he made good, the Captain would hold his job as long as Lord Mount Temple lived and then receive a legacy of a few thousand pounds along with other good and faithful servants. Anything beyond and above that was unlikely.

In the Captain's case, ignorance of such matters was not only bliss but financial success. He reversed all traditions by making good but getting fired and yet getting away with the impossible.

One of the most charming decorations of Broadlands, the historic country seat of his employer, were two little girls soon to be known as the Hon. Edwina and the Hon. Mary Ashley, each with her own suite, governess, tutor, maid, chauffeur, bodyguard, horses, cats, dogs and the manners of little queens.

The small maidens were being fitted to marry royalty and Edwina, the elder, beautiful, dutiful daughter, did so, becoming the wife



The Beautiful Ashley Heiress Who Married Captain Cunningham-Reid, and Who Has Lost Practically Everything In Consequence.

The Former Cunningham-Reid Photographed Climbing a Tree—And No Wonder!

of Lord Louis Mountbatten, cousin of Edward Prince of Wales who later became King, abdicator and is now Duke of Windsor.

One dreadful day, the father discovered that Mary was not so dutiful. In fact she had made up her mind to marry her papa's secretary, just for love and the world, royalty and all, well lost.

Unable to change her mind, Lord Mount Temple fired the Captain and kept his rebellious daughter practically a prisoner in a castle for more than a year—until she reached the alleged age of discretion and could do as she pleased.

He might have done better by retaining the secretary and keeping his home full of the most eligible young men in England. This would have given the love-stricken child a chance for comparison and the old sage about safety in numbers might have worked instead of absence making the heart grow fonder.

The weapon of disinheritance which sometimes cools this sort of romance was not in his Lordship's power to wield. Mary's grand-

The Old "Six Mile Bottom" In Newmarket, the Stately Dwelling Which Captain Cunningham-Reid's Wife Has Had to Give Up For Two Little Rooms—Although She Must Continue to Maintain It, Her Two Children, and Her Former Husband in Their accustomed style.

father, the late financier, Sir Ernest Cassel, had left a fortune of \$30,000,000 that must be divided between 12 or two sisters, no matter whom they married. The father got only was powerless to prevent the marriage but the Prince of Wales' influence forced him to appear at the wedding in 1927 and try to act as if he liked it.

The pair were not actually separated until for nine years which was much longer than Mary's father had prophesied, but that was not all and the worst was yet to come.

In 1938 Mrs. Cunningham-Reid brought a suit which startled England. When Mary gave her Captain "the gate," he seems, in what the English judge called his income of financial intricacies, to have accepted it in the sense of sporting events. There, the "gate" means the money paid at the box office. Mary asserted that he took the "gate" with him.

She complained that somehow her entire fortune had gotten into his control and though estranged, he was keeping one-third of her \$350,000 a year income for himself.

The Captain explained that there was no "somehow" about it. The thing that happened at her own insistence. As soon as they were married, the bride had realized the embarrassing position of a husband 11 years older than herself but unable to buy his wife so much as an orchid without charging it on her bill.

This took all the sentiment out of such attention, as she called in financial and legal experts who revised matters more satisfactorily to her and he didn't mind as long as she was happy.

By this new deal the bride's income went into two companies, "The Cunningham Securities, Ltd." and the "Temple Holdings, Ltd. of Canada." The Captain managed both and one-third of the income from them went to him. She bought him a London mansion for \$105,000, and had the deed made in his name and there were a few other items such as insuring his life for \$500,000 in his favor and the title of a speedboat for \$5,000. In addition the Captain controls a sum of \$100,000 in American securities, the exact status of which the court said was uncertain.

Pretty good for a "gentleman not accustomed to the more intricate side of financial affairs."

Now that all was off between them and he was not even carrying her furs for her, Mary thought he should give all that back, but the Captain thought otherwise.

He said he had paid no attention to what it was all about at the time, and merely signed the papers to please his beloved wife. However, he was induced to settle out of court on a basis which was not given out at the time but was known to be far less than a third of Mary's income that he had acquired.

His recent victorious bout in court revealed that there must be a special providence guarding such financial innocents as the Captain. No financial wizard could have better planned for the dark future that was just around the corner.

It seems that he had accepted a mere trifle of \$100,000 in securities, but they happened to be American ones, not yet bombed out or bled white by war taxation. He had an annuity of \$25,000 a year but early pointed out that taxes had taken all but \$5,000 of it.

There was another annuity of \$25,000, which Mary's estate must also pay—this annuity being tax-free, which means that she must pay the taxes.

Of course this tax-free covenant was made before the war when nobody seems to have foreseen what mountains taxes were going to be. As things have turned out, Mary says she would be better off had she given everything to the Captain but made him pay her those two annuities.

His income she asserts is now actually bigger than her own and out of that little she has the court has now forced her to support the two boys, one 11 and one 9 years old.

If the Captain has over \$25,000 a year to spend as he likes, the riches of England's multimillionaires have for themselves after paying their taxes.

After that settlement out of court which was to work as nicely for the Captain as it did badly for his wife, he sued and won an uncontested divorce from her on the ground of her relations with Henri Caral, a French film actor known at that time as "the handsome man in the movies." This divorce did not give him an advantage in court in the litigation concerning his income and his children.

As soon as the Nazis took to bombing London, the Captain who had attracted no un-

He Married an Heiress With \$350,000 a Year, But Now She Has to Live in Two Rooms, Pay Him \$25,000 a Year and a Third of What She Has Left to Support Their Two Children Parked Near Doris Duke in Hawaii—And Yet the Judge Thinks the Captain "Doesn't Understand Finance"



Captain Cunningham-Reid in a Nonchalant Attitude.

favorable notice since his election to Parliament, mostly because he rarely attended, appointed himself a committee of one to find out the situation in other countries for bombed-out children.

Nobody disapproved off he went to America, where for a long time he was forgotten in the press of war troubles at home. He might never have been missed if the English papers had not announced that he was paying attention to another great heiress, Mrs. Doris Duke Cromwell, in far-off Honolulu.

Then the trouble began. His constituents and other members of Parliament wondered what sense there was in seeking sanctuary on the other side of the world, too far away for English children to be sent.

Also he had been going long enough to have placed many shiploads of refugees. They called to ask how many he had actually arranged for and learned that thus far there were only two, his own boys whom he had taken with him and left with Doris. At that the wrath of his constituents and fellow members of Parliament rose. He received a peremptory command to return at once and finally obeyed.

From the best prominent member he suddenly found himself the best known or at least worst-known. All he has to do to start the house shouting "Honolulu" is to stand up and try to speak. This pretty well destroys his usefulness as an M. P. but that does not bother him. He just shows up less than ever.

His furious constituents keep demanding his resignation but he does not have to resign. His party has repudiated him which means that his political career is ruined but he doesn't care. He will still have more actual money to spend on himself than probably Winston Churchill has. So he smiles even when people shout "Honolulu!"

The latest reports are that the two boys are at Punahou Academy, Honolulu, under the care of Lieut-Col. E. B. Whisner and occasionally visited by Doris. The continued upkeep of the boys is estimated at not over \$2400 a year. Even if the Captain must pay that out of his own pocket, he will still be better off than any but one man in a million of the British Isles.

Indirectly the boys have helped to crush their mother financially through a peculiar property, known as "Six Mile Bottom." It is the most famous partridge shooting ground in all England and was a favorite resort of King Edward VII and King George V. Sir Ernest Cassel left this celebrated tract to his granddaughter Mary, in trust for her children.

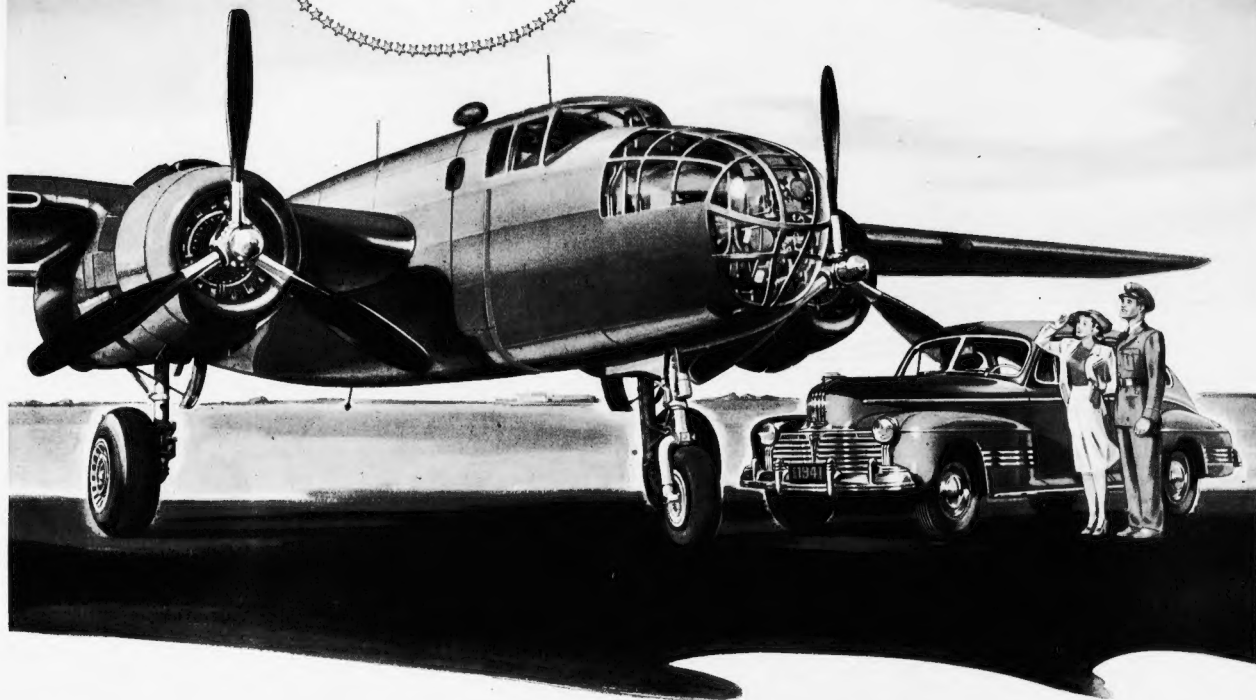
At his death it was an insignificant matter for such an enormous income.

Now, that income has shrunk to a trickle. Nobody cares much for shooting anything but Nazis, but the taxes on the broad acres are now terrific, and according to the terms of the will must be paid no matter how much of the rest of the estate must be sacrificed to raise the money.

The boys would gladly waive their rights in Six Mile Bottom and let the government take it for taxes, but they cannot do so until the younger reaches the age of 21.

Soon it will be BOMBERS by Fisher

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is to invite disaster"*



IT is with sober appreciation of its importance that we undertake our assignment in the vast task of providing adequate defense for the nation.

Our job is to contribute to the production of the nation's first-line bombers. We are now engaged in manufacturing parts and subassemblies for the U. S. Army's B25-C, twin-engined bomber pictured above. This bomber is being built in collaboration with North American Aviation, Inc.—a company noted throughout the aircraft industry for its record production of both combat and training planes.

This is work with which we are not entirely

unfamiliar, since at the close of the last war we were turning out airplanes at the rate of forty a day.

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But the order of the day is speed and more speed, volume and still greater volume, in the production of things that guarantee national security.

And with Fisher, as with every loyal American, that order comes first.

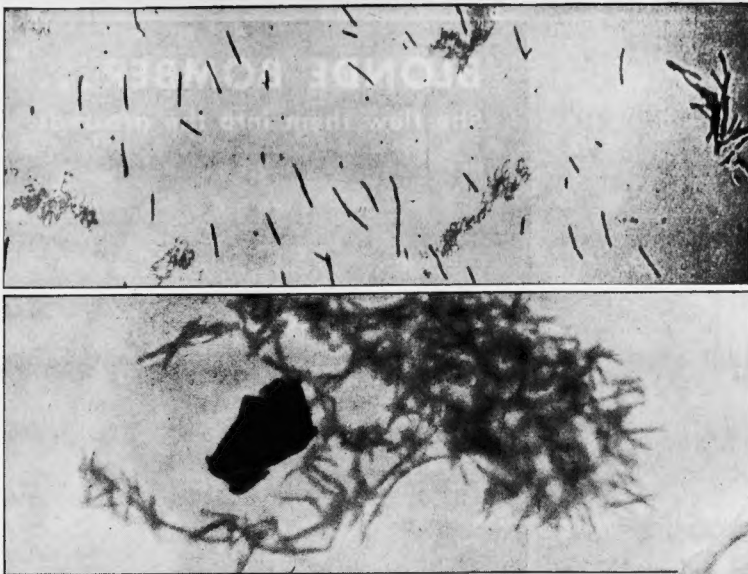


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Your Cold? A Germ's "Ghost" May Cause It

Science at Last Sees Down to the
Borderline of Life Itself and Studies
a Strange New World Where Live
the Viruses, or Poisons (Not Germs
But Maybe Their "Spooks") Which
Give Us Diseases Like Influenza and
Many Other Puzzling But
Deadly Afflictions



For the First Time, With the New Electron Microscope, Science Has Seen a Deadly Virus, and—Most Important—Has Taken the Actual Pictures Shown Above Disclosing How Antibodies in the Blood Attack Such Viruses. As "Living" Chemical Molecules the Virus of Tobacco Mosaic Disease Is Shown First, Each Molecule Sharp and Clear. Below, the Virus Has Been Tracked for an Hour by Antibodies From the Blood of Rabbits. It Is Becoming Fuzzy in Outline and Will Eventually Clump Up Into a Knot. The Black Particle Was Put in the Picture to Help in Focusing.

By ROBERT D. POTTER,
Science Editor, The American Weekly.

WITH a great 7-foot tall miracle eye that sees with electricity as the human eye sees with light, scientists are now peering deeper and deeper into the realm of the infinitely small and they have crossed the borderline where the world of the living ends and the domain of the inanimate, non-living matter begins.

The great "eye" of science is the electron microscope. With it scientists have now reached the no-man's land where may be found the key to the origin of life itself. This newly-discovered land is the home of the molecules, never seen before although chemists have talked about them for generations. Much more important, to our everyday life, this land is the hidden citadel of the deadly viruses; those poisons too small to be seen with the eye or any ordinary microscope. Yet it is these viruses which cause some of the most baffling ills of man. They cause the common cold, influenza, infantile paralysis, measles, yellow fever and even childhood chicken-pox and simple cold sores.

What are the viruses?
Doctors and biologists used to think they were simply very tiny bacteria or germs too small to be screened out by any filter used to trap the known bacteria in the laboratory. But now Dr. Wendell M. Stanley of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research finds that they are giant chemical molecules, and not bacteria at all.

Some scientists are even calling viruses the "ghosts" of bacteria, or phantoms of disease germs, because they create disease like germs but do not have the bodily substance of germs. Yet these virus "ghosts" can breed more ghosts.

Dr. Stanley likens the giant virus molecule to pebbles on a beach which appear harmless and peaceful until you stub your toe on them. They may be that way for years.

Then, after these periods of inactivity, the viruses spring to "life" and cause disease and even death when they happen to enter the right cells of the body by accident.

At though you stubbed your toe on one. This is why virus diseases are so dangerous and so baffling to doctors. The viruses can exist for all eternity doing nothing—neither growing nor dying. They merely exist as does a molecule of water, or a molecule of table salt on a dinner table.

Yet, if these virus disease molecules enter the right cells of the human or animal body, illness and death may come. These supposedly non-living molecules in their new "home" grow and move about just like bacteria or germs.

More—the virus reproduces itself, spreads just like bacteria do, and it is nip and tuck whether or not the body can win its battle. When Dr. Stanley recently received the Gold Medal of The American Institute of New York City for his discoveries he said it was a great fortune for him that virus molecules had to find the "right home" before they began their deadly work.

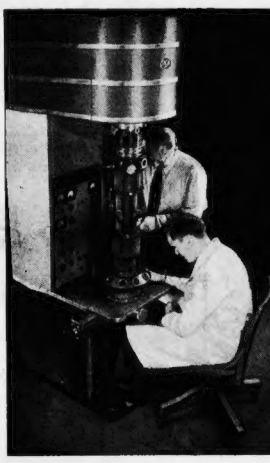
The virus of infantile paralysis, he explained, can only do harm when it enters the nerve cells of the human body.

If science overcomes the virus diseases of man, as the diseases of germs have been controlled and in some cases conquered, the credit can go to the world of plants. Viruses are just as much a problem in the plant world as they are in the world of animals.

Most of the new knowledge about viruses—their chemical nature and so on—has come from the studies of Dr. Stanley on tobacco mosaic virus. This tobacco virus was the first to be isolated. It seems to be just about the largest chemical molecule ever discovered.

Where water (H₂O) has a molecule of weight 18, a molecule of the tobacco mosaic virus has a molecular weight of 40,000,000.

This means the virus is extremely large and big enough to be seen with the new electron microscope, although it is still too small to be detected with ordinary microscopes.



The New Electron Microscope by Which the "Borderline of Life" Becomes Visible; Invented by Dr. V. K. Zworykin and James Hillier (Seated). It Has Made Possible the Remarkable Pictures of Viruses and Bacteria Seen on This Page.

Actually, however, the virus is most minute, for 25,000,000 of these virus molecules, side by side, would equal only one inch.

Luckily for man the virus of tobacco mosaic does not attack human beings, but if an infected leaf is soaked in water and then rubbed on a living tobacco plant the chances are good that the living plant will "catch" the tobacco disease.

This is a close-at-hand example of how quickly a virus molecule can "take hold" and grow as soon as it touches the exact kind of living cells it likes for a home.

Something very like this probably occurs when a small child comes down with infantile paralysis or adults get influenza or a common cold.

The viruses of influenza and the common cold have not yet been seen with an electron microscope, but most any day some scientist is expected to take their portrait.

If this can be done it will greatly speed the conquest of those ills which are now studied only indirectly by their effects on ferrets and mice.

Influenza is already known to be caused by many different kinds of viruses each giving its own symptoms. Scientists are already talking about influenza A and influenza B and so on, just as they talk about different kinds of vitamins by letters of the alphabet.

If these influenza viruses, or the virus of the common cold, could be seen it would greatly help to identify their type and save about three weeks' work of identification of the kind now employed.

There are really two stories to tell about the conquests of science in the realm of the viruses. One is the instrument—the electron microscope—which has helped make these new discoveries. The other is the story of the new discoveries and their significance.

Back in 1930 The American Weekly printed an article by the distinguished scientist, the late Dr. E. E. Free, which explained in de-

Keep Cool! Everyone Has Colds, But the New Discoveries About Viruses May Lead Not Only to a Cure for Colds, But for Other Baffling Ills of Man.

tail the operation of the electron microscope.

It is only necessary to repeat that in an electron microscope use the "waves" associated with fast-moving particles of electricity—the electrons—to see objects in the same way that an ordinary microscope uses waves of light to see bacteria, and a telescope uses light rays to see the stars.

Just as a microscope uses lenses of glass to focus ordinary light waves, the electron microscope uses magnetic and electric "lenses" to focus the electron waves.

Dr. V. K. Zworykin and James Hillier of the Radio Corporation of America, leaders in this country in developing the electron microscope, explain that electron "waves" can detect objects like the virus molecules which are far smaller than anything ever seen before. Man's range of vision is extended downward to smaller and smaller things and the electron microscope makes possible this discovery. Now it has been done.

Dr. Thomas F. Anderson, fellow of the National Research Council who is working with Dr. Stanley at Rockefeller Institute, recently showed those remarkable pictures to the American Chemical Society at its St. Louis meeting. Their publication in The American Weekly is the first time they have been made available to the public.

Dr. Stanley and Anderson injected the virus of tobacco mosaic disease into rabbits and created in the rabbits an artificial immunity to this disease. The rabbits were not sick, for the disease does not attack them. However, their blood did not know this. The rabbit's blood began the usual protective measures—which occur in man too—and began to create antibodies against the virus disease, "just in case."

Thus Drs. Stanley and Anderson obtained a protective blood serum against the virus. When they applied this serum to the virus molecules under their electron microscope they could actually see the serum antibodies combining with the virus.

At first the virus was long and narrow, rod-like in its shape. But after the antibodies

in the serum had attacked it for an hour the virus became much fatter and fuzzy around its edges. In a few more hours the virus was killed and began to clump up into a knot.

With the electron microscope many other marvels await discovery. Already scientists have been able to see how drugs kill bacteria. They hope eventually to be able to build up a "rogue's gallery" of the more than 30 different kinds of pneumonia germs now known. Each of these different types now require different treatment, and "typing" pneumonia is a routine and tedious job at any health department.

In the future it may be possible to put these pneumonia germs under an electron microscope and immediately see what type is present, just as anyone can tell an apple from an orange by looking at it.

It is difficult to stretch the imagination far enough to realize the extremely small size of the viruses and bacteria shown on this page. If a human hair were placed along side any of them it would seem to fill the whole room. A human hair, at the same magnification of 100,000 times, would appear like the trunk of a great redwood tree in California.

Of all new discoveries about the mysterious viruses none is more important than the possibility that they are linked with the genes of the body. These genes are the bearers of the human traits of heredity like the color of the hair or the eyes and countless other characteristics of man, plants and animals.

Just as the viruses turn out to be giant chemical molecules of protein so, too, are the genes apparently protein molecules. Just as genes have the power to reproduce themselves from one generation to the next, so, too, do viruses have this remarkable power which has always before been considered a mark of life itself.

"Some workers consider it possible that viruses are derived from the genes," says Dr. Stanley.

Dr. Albert F. Blakeslee, the noted expert on heredity and genetics, told the recent meeting of the National Academy of Sciences in Washington that probably the chief difference between the bearers of human heredity—the genes—and the deadly viruses, is that the latter are free. The virus is capable of uncontrolled reproduction.

Genes on the other hand, said Dr. Blakeslee, are confined in the chromosomes and their propagation is limited by heredity.

All this means that viruses may turn out to be merely genes that have gone wild; the untamed wild horses of human and animal and plant heredity.



The Whooping Cough Germ Is Also Being Studied With the Electron Microscope. Never Seen Before Are the Little Wavy "Threads" Whose Function Is Unknown.



How the Germs of Tuberculosis Look at a Magnification of 43,000 Times Under an Electron Microscope. Never Before Have They Been Observed With Anything More Than 2,000 Magnification, and the Result Is That Science Finds They Have Details of Structure Never Before Realized.

One astounding discovery about viruses is that their "deadly" active state seems, somehow, to be bound up with the kind of architecture which these giant molecules possess. Dr. Stanley and his group of scientists have found that by chemical treatment of a virus they can change its structure and make it lose its disease-causing activity. Then, by reversing the changes through chemistry, they can restore this disease activity.

It may soon be possible to breed new diseases to combat other diseases. Dr. Stanley explained to the American Philosophical Society recently that by changing the structure of a virus molecule (which he has already done in one case) it should be possible to produce a new, weakened kind of virus. This might cause a new kind of influenza.

If this new weakened form of influenza virus, for example, were then injected into people it would make their bodies build up an immunity to the weakened "flu."

Then, when the real flu came along, these people might better be able to overcome it. The same thing might be done with the common cold, infantile paralysis or any other of the virus diseases. This is only one striking implication of the new discoveries.

Since changes in activity—whether it is dangerous or not—can be perpetuated, it may be said that here science has discovered a way to cause mutations and change the course of evolution. It may be this same kind of change of structure which explains the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde properties of the viruses.

(Continued on Page 17)

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See "I WANTED WINGS" Now Playing at the METROPOLITAN THEATRE, Boston
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Cambodia's King Dies of Domestic Troubles-100 of 'Em

His Country Invaded, His Revenues Vanished, His Temples Desecrated, But When the Last 100 of His Former Army of Wives Were Taken From Him, It Was More Than Sisowath Monivong Could Bear, So He Joined His Royal Ancestors



A Frieze in the Ancient Cambodian Temple of the Bayon, Showing the Dancing Girls of the Period in Precisely the Same Dance Attitudes as Those Formerly Employed By the Lost Wives.

PNOM-PENH,

KING SISOWATH MONIVONG of Cambodia is dead of domestic and other troubles.

He leaves 100 sorrowing widows, besides one hundred from whom he had been forcibly separated very much against his will.

With him, it is feared, another ancient kingdom and civilization passes into oblivion. His home and his domestic relations had been broken up. His protector, the French Government, has now been overthrown by the Nazis. The Japanese in league with the Nazis are swarming down on Cambodia from the North, and may have occupied it by the time this appears.

The King for many years lived happily with 200 wives. Then the French Government decided that 200 was too many in a period of depression, and that he must give up 100 of them. That depressed him terribly.

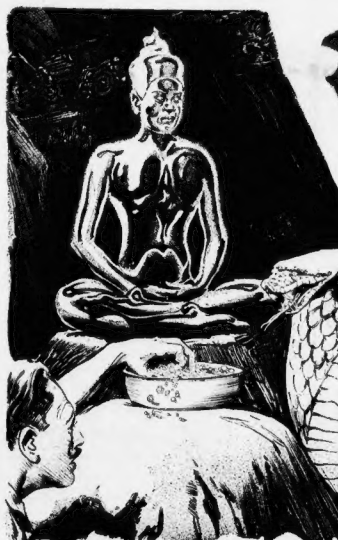
It was not that he really needed 200 wives, but they were his by religion, law and tradition, and he hated to be deprived of his traditional rights.

King Sisowath's 200 wives were really a comfort to him. After an arduous day in the hunting field or the council hall it was sweet to come home and feel the welcoming embrace of 200 pairs of loving arms—400 loving arms.

It was fortunate that the wives were all required by law to be slender, as otherwise the entrance of 400 of them might have been overpowering.

The wives were all highly accomplished and artistic dancers. They did not loiter around getting fat as the wives did in most Oriental harems. They kept them slim and attractive. They were daughters of the highest-caste families, chosen in early girlhood for their health and beauty. Their training then began.

They danced and rehearsed constantly until old age stiffened their joints, whereupon they became teachers of the King's little "rincines." Americans invite a friend to "meet the wife." The King literally invited a friend to meet 200 of them. When a guest of any importance arrived he met a whole regiment of wives—up to three years ago. The wives didn't swing or jitterbug in the modern way. They put on long and exhausting interpretive



The Emerald Buddha and His Jewels Which the White Cobra Guards as Described by Captain Saunders, the Only White Man Who Ever Saw the Treasure and Its Dread Watchman.

dances, dramatizing historical events of Cambodia's past.

An American Consul has described the fascinating scene at a royal court entertainment. The King with expert critical eye watched his royal floor show from a couch, on one side of which was a gold plate holding betelnuts and a jeweled knife for preparing them to be chewed.

On the other side was a massive jewel-encrusted cuspidor, believed to be the most glorious specimen of that American barroom utensil to be found on the face of the earth. Near the King reposed his guests, also supplied with betelnuts and smaller cuspidors.

The wifely dances were not for mere entertainment, but were an ancient tradition. They had to be staged for all visitors of consequence.

The wives were literally Sisowath's "living jewels." Each was covered with diamonds, sapphires, emeralds, topazes, carnelians, and tourmalines. All these jewels were set on a costume of gold wire fitting the figure closely, and more revealing than the thinnest silk.



By A. Holmes From E. Gullway

U.S. Photo

And Here Is King Sisowath Himself in His Coronation Costume Seated Upon the Throne of Cambodia in the Royal Traditional Finery—This Was Before He Had to Get Rid of Half of His Wives, and Long Before the Loss of the Last 100 Made Life Worthless.

Upon their heads they wore golden helmets, ablaze with diamonds, rubies and emeralds, set in a design that is supposed to have come down from the mysterious Khmers. When the King made his formal entrance for the performance, he was preceded by the "Sacred Sword of Cambodia."

All this wealth when not in use was stored in cases, watched night and day by armed guards. The King could sell half of it for more than enough to support several times 100 wives.

Where all this wealth has gone is uncertain, but the French and Japanese officials could probably tell—if they wanted to.

Most of King Sisowath Monivong's ancestors had more than 200 wives. His father—named Sisowath simply—had 800, and earlier Kings had more. Multiple matrimony agreed with this old Monarch splendidly, and he was enjoying the society of his wives heartily up to the age of 87. When he was only 85 years old, he went to Paris with a selected band of wives. The jewels worn by him and his wives were valued at \$3,000,000.

The costume worn by the dancing wives was as unique as it was costly. It consisted of gold wire fitted so tightly to the figure that the effect was startling. The French President and his wife, who were unusually modest people, hesitated about allowing them to appear before them, but afterwards admitted that the artistic quality of their get-up more than compensated for its daring.

Rodin, the famous sculptor, was among those invited to see the sacred dance. He said it showed how marriage could be made a success.

Rodin spent many days watching and sketching the ladies, winning their confidence by giving them presents as if they were small children, such as beads, fruit and other trifles. "Never was the human form developed to greater perfection," said Rodin. "These Cambodians have movements I have never seen—never would have thought possible to the human body. Antique sculpture in its interminable richness has not revealed these movements to us."

"They are full of movement; there is a rhythmic shudder that passes along them from the tips of the right hand fingers to the tips of the left hand fingers, undulating through the shoulders, that is a veritable joy, an undreamed delight to the artist."

"The women in this part of the world wear too many clothes," said the old King. "Your women should wear no more than two garments, one fitting close to the skin, and the other covering the first. At least they should have their legs entirely free."

The women of the Western world have progressed somewhat since then. Misfortune and bereavement fell upon King Sisowath Monivong soon after the present war broke out. His French protectors fell before the Nazis, and the finances of his country were upset. The liberal allowances they paid him disappeared and he could not afford to maintain even 100 wives.

The yellow men from the North invaded Siam and made that country a puppet kingdom like Manchuria. They decided that the important Northern province of Cambodia through the recovery of the famous "Emerald Buddha."

In the remote past a tribe of "untouchables" led by a leper chieftain is supposed to

Some of King Sisowath's Original Batch of 100 Wives Whom He Had to Discard, Earning Their Living by Dancing in the Same Way Their Vanished Ancestresses Did Many Hundreds of Years Ago.

have migrated from India and settled in the jungles of what is now Cambodia. The race, known as the Khmers, grew, conquered and prospered until they ruled Cambodia and far beyond. About 700 years ago they suddenly abandoned their capital city of Angkor and several others. Though they founded new ones, the Khmer organization decayed, and today explorers speak "the lost civilization of the Khmers," but the present Cambodians have preserved much of it.

Whether it was a Divine Command or an epidemic of disease, sometimes its equivalent, which caused the Khmers to abandon their capital is not known, but the place is supposed to be under a holy curse which kept everyone from going near it until the jungle had swallowed it up.

Yet everyone understood that much treasure had been left behind, the greatest of all being the Emerald Buddha.

According to ancient accounts it is a life-size statue five feet four inches high, composed entirely of huge emeralds cunningly set and joined.

It is estimated that there is hardly enough money in the world to buy such a mass of emeralds at present prices. But to dump such an enormous supply on the world, all at once, would smash their value.

It was a sacrifice to touch any of the Angkor treasure, and anyone caught looking for it was given the death penalty.

The first mention of the Emerald Buddha is in a book by a Chinese traveler, Tchou-Ta-Quon, who visited Angkor in 1296, as an Ambassador of China. Old Quon was considered a romantic, and nobody believed there had been such a civilization until the French explorer Moussu pushed through the jungles 60 years ago and looked on the tremendous sculptured pile of the Angkor Wat, or temple city of the Khmers.

Quon's description of the Emerald Buddha is as follows:

"And in Yachodapura, which is the great capital of the Khmer people, and the finest city in all Asia, there is a statue of the Lord Buddha, sitting upon the coiled cobra, which is the emblem of the race. And his statue was fashioned out of emeralds so cunningly engraved and cemented together, that the whole work seems as one solid emerald and shines with a green light so intense, that none but the faithful may look upon it."

According to other legends, the statue was hidden in a crypt of the great temple and was guarded by a white cobra of immense age. It is a fact that the deadly cobra is very common among the rains.

Several adventurers have tried to discover the Buddha and have met death from the cobra or some other cause. Major Forsyth, an Englishman, is supposed to have discovered the crypt, but he died before he could leave a record. Forsyth with a companion, Captain Saunders, went to Angkor in 1905 with the object of surreptitiously securing the idol.

They were missing for three days when Captain Saunders was discovered about a mile away from the temple.

He had fallen from a great height, both legs were broken and he had suffered internal injuries. He died a few hours after he was found. Before he passed away he told a French doctor that Forsyth had obtained a clue to the hiding place of the emerald Buddha. The two officers followed the clue until they reached a passageway in the foundation of the great temple. They went down into a vault and there under the glare of their flashlight squatted what seemed to be a statue carved out of an immense block of jade. Before it was a bowl filled with jewels.

The Major walked forward, and just as he was dipping his hand in the bowl the head of an enormous white cobra appeared at the side of the image and sank its fangs into him. The Major cried to his attendant to save him, but he fell and received his fatal injuries.

More recently two Frenchmen, Georges Malbreux and Louis Chevalon, made a desperate attempt to steal some of the treasure of Angkor. They are said to have succeeded in removing nearly a million dollars worth of valuables from the temple.

On the return journey their native attendant discovered the jewels in their baggage and told the French authorities.

The treasure was recovered and the Frenchmen sentenced to three years.

THE UGLIEST DOG in the WORLD?

**She's a Canine Lady
Named Fern and Has a
Sweet Disposition Not
at All Like Her Looks**



It Is Fern's Rugged Profile That Makes Most People Look Upon Her as the Ugliest Dog They Ever Saw. The Wrinkles in Her Chin Help Stamp Her a Valuable Thoroughbred.

STROLLERS in New York City's Central Park frequently stop and stare at what they think is the ugliest looking dog they ever saw. Youngsters run away from the squat, pug-nosed-looking animal and very few grownups take a chance on petting the "beast."

The chances are that the canine that has such a forbidding appearance is not the homeliest dog in the world by a long shot. Certainly, she is not the meanest in disposition. On the contrary, Fern is as gentle as a lamb and never means to growl menacingly at anybody.

Nature—and a long line of dog breeders who tried to improve on Nature—are to blame for her burly, low-legged physique, her jutting jaw and her heavily wrinkled head. And, as English bulldogs go, the "girl" with the gentle name of Fern is all to the good. Her size, shape and appearance stamp her as a thoroughbred, ugly or not.

In England's social register, two-year-old Fern is listed as "Daquiri's Fernstone." Her father, according to this blue book is "Dear Daquiri," and her mother is "Fernstone Doris."

Both her folks have won many blue ribbons in dog shows and Fern herself grabbed off a prize when she was only six months old.

People who don't know anything about judging dogs might make the mistake of calling Fern an ugly mutt. Such novices just don't understand that what they look on as ugliness is a virtue in an English bulldog and that the value of a member of this breed is partly determined by the number and the depth of the wrinkles on its face.

John Hoffmann, a retired business man living in New York City, is Fern's proud owner. He doesn't find her ugly and he says he wouldn't part with her for a million dollars. Not long ago the Yale Club tried to get Fern for a mascot, but they were told that the dog was not available for any such job.

Mr. Hoffmann knows why many of his fellow citizen think he is the owner of the ugliest dog in the world, because he is familiar with the history of the breed. He knows that bull-baiting was a major sport in England for 700 years—until it was finally abolished in 1835. In this

so-called sport a bull with a rope around its horns was tethered to a stake. The antagonist in the game was an amazingly courageous dog who circled around the bull until it was able to fix its teeth in the brute's nose, pin it to the ground and hold it there. The dogs used in this sport were called bulldogs—which were

not much like the thoroughbred bulldog of today which has been bred into a grotesque deformity of the original. Fern and her ilk are short-legged, short-eared and short-lived. The chief characteristic that they have inherited from their canine ancestors is a rare brand of tenacious courage.



Gentle Little Fern Seems to Be Sticking Her Tongue Out at the Cameraman and Glowering at Him in an Evil Manner—But She Isn't Like That at All. She's a Blueblood and Her Father and Mother Have Both Taken Plenty of Prizes at Dog Shows. Fern—Also Called Fochi—is a Fine Example of Her Stocky, Homely Breed.



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The Cameraman Couldn't Resist Taking This "Still Life" of the Bulldog's Pump Rump and Curly Tail.



It Was When the Gentle Blueblood Uncovered the "Fangs" of Her Lower Jaw That She Looks Her Ugliest.

Kindness Ruined His Business

FOR many years a man named Larsen was one of the most successful butchers in Oslo, Norway. He isn't any more, just because he played the Good Samaritan at the scene of a fatal automobile accident.

It happened this way—Mr. Larsen, after making his daily delivery was driving his empty truck back to the shop when he came upon two wrecked automobiles and several badly mangled bodies.

Believing that some of the victims might still be alive, Larsen

offered the police the use of his truck to take the bleeding victims to the hospital.

Word soon got around that the butcher's truck had become a gory "undertaker's wagon" and many of his customers quit him because they could not stomach having their meat delivered in the same car.

In desperation, Larsen eventually sued the Norwegian Government for the loss of his business, and the courts awarded him \$3,400 kroner to buy a new truck.

Mr. Napolitano Loses His 2-Pants Suit for Divorce



Like Dorothy Napolitano, Valerie Barker, Famous Pants-Wearing Englishwoman, Worked as a Garage Mechanic. But, After She Was Unmasked, Customers Kept Recognizing Her and Getting Her Fired.

A MAN must not only share the money in his pants pocket with his wife, but the pants themselves—or at least the right to wear them, on all occasions.

Such is the law as laid down by Judge N. Denareet Campbell of Hackensack, New Jersey, to Mr. Joseph Napolitano who sued his wife Dorothy (known as "Jimmy"), charging that she went around constantly in trousers, whereas a wife's place is in the home and in the skirt.

Disguised in the aforementioned trousers or pants and the name of Jimmy, she is alleged to have obtained a job as garage mechanic or "grease monkey."

But the judge threw Joseph's case out, with the following exposition of how the law looks at woman's rights to be peculiar in dress and behavior.

"I can't grant a divorce because of a woman's mannerisms and peculiar dress," ruled the judge. "Lots of women dress peculiarly, and some of them don't wear men's clothes. And women have unusual occupations these days, and that is no cause for divorce."

Mrs. Dorothy (Jimmy) Napolitano thus triumphantly won the suit, known in New Jersey as the "two-pants divorce suit," but Valerie Barker, an English "pants-mart," went to prison in them and on account of them.

Dorothy, too, suffered the pangs of matrimony. It was thought good legal strategy for her to appear before the judge in conventional feminine regalia but, at the last moment Dorothy, who hasn't been home for a long time, couldn't remember where she left her last skirt. However, her good friend, Mrs. Mary Gulla, of Spring Valley, N. J., was just the right size and was able to fit her out for the emergency from the top of her head to the tip of her toe.

The defendant appeared resplendent in a blue dress with a bolero, a black turban, concealing her close-cropped, wavy brown hair and a cane's hair sport coat. Everything was all right, except that Dorothy had been wearing large, comfortable male shoes so long that Mrs. Gulla's snug, high-heeled ones felt like the foot rests of the electric chair by the time she limped into the courtroom. She wanted to take them off, but, on advice of counsel to keep them on if it killed her, did so and survived.

The expression of pain, when Joe's accusations that she chewed tobacco were read, was physical as well as mental. Dorothy says she wouldn't think of chewing tobacco because it is a nasty, untidy habit, though a lady has just as good right to indulge if she so pleases.

Having vindicated her rights to pants-wearing, Mr. Napolitano returned the clothes to Mrs. Gulla, promising never to borrow them again and then promptly changed her mind.

It seems that some jealous person spread the rumor that her real reason for preferring



Valerie as She Looked Before Starting on the Masquerade That Landed Her in Jail.

Pants, a Few Medals Picked Up at Fawcett and a Fake Monckton Were All That Were Needed to Turn Valerie Barker Into "Colonel Barker, D.S.O."

men's clothing was that she did not "look so hot" in her own kind.

That evening she was going to a dance in celebration of her triumph, a sort of victory ball, and just to refute the base insinuation she decided to wear Mrs. Gulla's fancy once more.

It was a gay and memorable event and, as might have been expected, she awoke next morning with a hangover. But the well-known spitting pain was in the wrong end, instead of her head it was her feet which she says is at least seven times worse.

Soaking one's head in cold water usually cures the ache before supper time and by the following morning even the last symptoms of good resolutions have vanished. Dorothy states that she had to soak her feet in a solution of Epsom salts for seven days before she got over the effects. And she still says, "Never again for ladies' shoes."

The pants-for-women champion happens to be an expert on both varieties of hangover, for she came within eight months of graduating from the Ohio College of Chiropractic and spent her childhood in an apartment of the saloon conducted by her father, Gerard Wells Founds, in Paterson, N. J.

Mr. Founds was a popular and famous big league baseball pitcher until his arm gave out and he had to use it to pitch high balls across the bar.

The careers of Dorothy Founds and Valerie Barker are similar in many ways, including what seems to have been the first cause of their pants-ambitions. The fathers of both had set their hearts on having a boy and took the stock's mistake hard. Dorothy's earliest recollections are of going to sleep to the strains of the lullaby, "Sweet Adeline."

"I was born right over the old man's gun mill," she says, "and cut my eye teeth on a beer bottle. When I began to grow up, I soon he'd get over the idea, though, and I'd be back in pants."

Pop would get a fit every once in a while and buy me a dress and make me wear it, pretty soon he'd get over the idea, though, and I'd be back in pants."

While going to high school in Ramsey, N. J., she met Victor Napolitano, a classmate, and through him, later on, his brother, Joseph, whom she was to marry. She says she wore boy's clothes most of the time in school and that nobody paid much attention to her. Although she was husky and a good athlete, she took no part in school sports.

Following the death of her mother, the tomboy graduated from Ramsey High and went to the Ohio College of Chiropractic. There, she had eight months to go to get her license when her father died and she was forced to leave. She says she played on the college basketball team as a boy, and in fact was enrolled there as one, though the Dean knew she was a girl.

On her return to Paterson, she undertook the job of bringing up her younger brother, Jack, and also operated the saloon until claims against her father's insolvent estate resulted in her losing it. Before this happened, however, she had some valuable experience in bartending and incidental bawling.

"I remember a fight I had with a customer over a waitress, in a luncheon just up the street," she tells in her reminiscences.

"This bird was telling me how true-blue his sweetheart was, heart-of-gold, wouldn't look at a millionaire and all that."

"I bet him ten dollars I could date up his blue-eyes. I told the assistant bartender to take over and put on my coat and hat and went up the street. It was just about closing time at the luncheon and I didn't have any trouble at all dating the dame."

"I brought her back to the gin mill and when we came in the back door the customer beat it out the front door."

"A few nights later he came in and said nothing about the matter. Neither did I. But when he laid down a \$20 bill to pay for his first drink, I passed back the change, minus the saw-buck he owed me. He was pretty sore and threatened to take it away from me. I invited him to help himself, if he thought he was big enough. He did, and as he came around the corner of the bar, I let him have it."

"What? No, I did not use the bungalow, just my fists. After he had had



Dorothy Napolitano in the Job and Costume She Prefers to Housewifely Duties and Skirts.

enough, I kept the ten bucks and him as a customer, too. We're good friends to this day."

It was in this gentle environment that her romance with Joseph flowered.

Although there was a good deal of opposition to the match on the part of the Napolitano family, the two were married by a justice of the peace on April 9, 1918. As a concession to her in-laws, Dorothy wore woman's clothes. Joseph testified in the divorce trial that she kept them on only three days, but she insists that she stuck to them heroically until she left him several months later.

If his version is correct, the guests at the hotel where they spent a week's honeymoon must have been a little startled to see a blushing bride transformed under their noses into a hard-boiled young ex-bartender.

According to Joe, the split-up was caused by her refusal to dress like a lady, as she had promised to do, by her marked dislike of housewifely duties as well as witty ones (she excused him from the bedroom, he says), and finally by her insistence on having her brother, Jack come and live with them.

Dorothy countercharged that her husband used language which even a lady in pants can't stand, that he struck her, accused her on many occasions of infidelity, and threatened her with bodily harm if she did not leave him. And the fact that she did leave him, she says, was due solely to these causes and not to any quarrel over pants, or housewifely duties, or brother Jack.

Apparently, she just up and drove away. She supported herself until Fall by picking apples for a Monsey, N. Y., farmer, working as a man. Then, still in masculine garb, she got a mechanic's job at Paul's Service Station in nearby Spring Valley.

Few Spring Valleyites suspected her real sex. They knew her as James D. Founds, the name under which she borrowed money at the bank and registered her 1933 silver. Paul Zavattone, her boss, says he knew all along that she was a girl, but that it cut no ice with him because she was the best assistant he had ever had.

"She's O. K.," he declares today. "The customers like her and I know when she takes in a dollar I'll get the dollar."

Valerie Barker went further and fared worse in pants. Besides her father's preference for a boy, she was influenced by the first world war which gave many women men's

"My Wife Wears Men's Clothes and Works in a Garage," He Told the Court, But the Legal Reply Was, "So What?," Leaving Him Deeply Shocked and Mrs. Napolitano a Good Deal Better Off Than Her British Prototype, the Renowned "Colonel Barker, D.S.O."



As This Picture Indicates, Dorothy Has Her Feminine Moments, But They Are Rare and She Really Prefers Men's Clothing.

jobs and clothes. It pushed her into a loveless marriage, a short-lived affair which left her with \$15,000, a baby son and a desire to begin life all over again.

Being strong, athletic and full of experience as a nurse in France, she decided to become a man as far as the world would know and for many years got away with it, first as Sir Victor Barker, then as Col. Barker, D.S.O. She had that and several other decorations to prove it, all bought in pawn shops.

Like Dorothy, Valerie also became a garage mechanic but she came to grief because she played her part all too well. In order to economize, she wished to have a roommate, but a masculine one would hardly be practical, as she confessed her sex to Miss Effrida Hayward who promised to keep her secret and did. Everyone thought it an affair, which secretly amused the two women until Effrida's parents appeared suddenly and grimly one day, all set for a shotgun wedding.

Of course all Valerie had to do, in order to straighten things out was tell the truth, but most unfortunately newspaper reporters happened in. Rather than blast her career as the eminent Col. Barker, D.S.O., hero of Mons, etc., she went through with the marriage ceremony, which appeased the parents and did not mean anything.

However, she had to sign the marriage register as Col. Barker, which was forging a public record, a serious matter, for which she was given a prison sentence.

After serving her time, Valerie found difficulty holding a garage job anywhere. Her perjury trial had made her face so familiar throughout the British Isles that no amount of grease-smears would disguise it from customers who did not want to have the notorious Col. Barker working on their cars.

But when the present war started, all that was forgotten in the fact that she is really a good lady mechanic.

Fatal Gift

by Katharine Newlin Burt

"NATURALLY, I cannot ask you to wait for me. If I return I will come back to you as I am now. And meanwhile I hold you in my arms." This was part of an impassioned love appeal by Raoul de Theriac, a young aviator, to beautiful Lucy Grange at their first meeting in the charming suburban Philadelphia home of Ralph Grange, her father.

But as he left, Lucy thought bitterly, "A wasted evening. When will I see Peter again?"

Peter was Peter Wayne, to whom Jackie Seymour, daughter of Lucy's stepmother Linnie, had lost her heart. Ralph and Linnie Seymour, his second wife, had only recently returned from their honeymoon and Jackie had come to live with them. Lucy had welcomed her stepmother warmly, but the latter, contrasting Jackie's plain looks with Lucy's surpassing loveliness found it hard to conceal her jealousy.

Soon after their homecoming, Lucy took Linnie to call on Ralph's elderly aunts, the Misses Judith and Lu Grange. Judith, domineering and handsome, hated Lucy while Lu, timid and homely, adored her. To Linnie Judith termed Lucy an imbecile and asked to meet Jackie. While she talked, Dr. Henry Treyn, a young neurologist, burst into the room. Summoned by mistake and dismasted, he met Lucy downstairs and inquired if she were married. Told that no sensible person had ever asked her, he tilted her chin, looked searchingly into her eyes, murmured, "Poor kid," and left her much amused.

A little later he wrote her, "I am very much interested in you and I'd be grateful if you would let me diagnose and clarify for you a condition I believe may bring you unnecessary trouble and unhappiness." Lucy seeking to banish Linnie's jealousy planned a party for Jackie thereby angering Aunt Judith who demanded she call it off. Lucy defied her and then wrote Treyn humorously declining the request in his letter.

Peter Wayne arriving at the party was struck by Lucy's ravishing beauty and she fell in love with him. During the dance, Aunt Judith gave Jackie the famous Grange pearls. The next day they disappeared.

Following this episode Peter brought Raoul to call and it was then he laid his quest at her feet for nothing to do for Peter. Meanwhile, Treyn discovered Lu had taken the pearls from Jackie's bureau to save them for Lucy. He so informed Lucy telling her she had allowed Lu to worship her. Then he asked, "If anything should happen to spoil your loveliness..."

"What do you mean?" she gasped, ghost-white. "There would be nothing left of me at all." He seized her wrist, "Lucy, think of what you have said, think!"

"Why are you so horrible to me?" she cried. "I don't think I want to see you again."

She recovered the pearls from Lu, who pledged her to secrecy, but ran into Judith and gave them to her. At home Ralph asked, "Where did you find the pearls? It was your duty to return them to me."

"Or to Jackie to whom they legally belong," said Linnie. "I would have liked to take them to Aunt Judith myself—she might really have wanted Jackie to keep them—if someone else hadn't got there first." Then seeing Jackie's shocked face she said:

(And Now Go on With the Story)

W HEN Peter and Lucy next came to High-Over, on the last evening in June, he was upon a mission and asked immediately only to see Miss Lucy Grange. John, approving this particularly precocious invitation to wait and then returned to suggest, "If you'd care to go out into the garden, sir, Miss Grange is busy with her wildflower border just beyond the hedge."

Peter crossed the lawn, came to the hedge and saw, at a little distance, a great sun-hat rising and bending. It was five o'clock and the slanting western light gave intensity to green and depth to shadow. The thrushes were singing and there was a primal peace.

Lucy, on her knees in a play suit, saw him coming closer with his shy unconscious arrogance, hat in hand, the light warm on his

yellow head.

Flushed with Summer toil, she sank back on her heels, pushed her huge hat to her nape and, laughing, looked up at him. Her pupils were big and pansy dark and shy.

"Peter, please, I beg, do not look at me! Where's Jackie? Shall we go in and have some iced tea or beer?"

"If you don't mind," said Peter, very grave, "let's stay out here."

He sat down on the grass beside her so that they were both hidden behind tall lupine and salvia and the high round spicy heads of peonies. "You see, I've quite a lot to say to you."

Her eyes, with fringed lids fanning to show and then to hide an cutting depth, were suddenly quite wild and she was pale.

"To say... to me..."

"Yes. You remember my friend, Raoul de Theriac, of course?"

"Of course," she whispered. "Nothing has happened to him?"

"No. He has gone back to France. Before he left he had a long conversation with me. In these perilous days he is deeply concerned about his country's future. He asked me to come to see you just as soon as I could make it, Lucy. You see—and you must believe it because it's terrifically true... he... he loves you..."

A very difficult phrase for Peter's unaccustomed tongue which had not yet been able to shape those words for his own clarification.

Lucy's eyes changed, she slipped sideways from her sandalled heels to the grass, her hand gathered the turf, her lids ceased fanning and threw steady fringes of shadow across her garden-flush.

"He told me," Peter closed his own eyes, frowning, "and I've tried to memorize it. He said it slowly so that I shouldn't forget. You can't imagine how intense he was. I want you to take to her the ring my father sent me when he was dying in the last war. I want you to ask her to do me the honor and the mercy to wear it so that when she feels its weight she will say, 'Raoul loves me... I am waiting for his return. He is coming back to ask me to be his wife.'"

PETER drew out a heavy gold ring and displayed it on his palm, laying his hand beside hers which pressed its own palm against the grass, and bending his head down close beside her to examine the token. Lucy looked at the ring but said nothing.

How different from Henry Treyn's was this hand of Peter's, nervous, skilful, faintly grimed from his factory labors.

"He also asked me to make you believe in him and in his... love. To feel how very true and serious it is, that he can have no happiness..."

Peter's reserve was torturing him so that his eyelids blinked rapidly and his color changed, "unless it consists... consists in the hope of... in the hope of your caring for him. He begs you to write..."

"I have his address. He hopes that when he comes back you will consider him... his... aunt. That's, I think, what he called it. Aunt Lucy," here Peter asked and his face took on the teasing gamin look of an American boy, "he begged me to put the ring on your finger and to kiss your hand." After a short silence, "May I?" said Peter.

She sat still and did not lift her eyes from the ring. So, without waiting for permission, he took up her hand with a touch of exasperation, her hand, the right one, put on her fourth finger the too-large ring and then bent down his head to kiss her hand.

His lips felt warm and strong and urgent. Lucy was shy, she was also profoundly timid but unlike Jackie, she had never suffered from the fear and the pride which afflict most mortal maidens who love without assurance the object of their first desire.

Jackie had been deliberately cold and coy and "friendly," most unlover-like. But Lucy, bred to idleness, was as naive in such a situation as Miranda on her island, as serenely free

from self-consciousness as Cytherea on her waves. Peter had knelt up to lift and to kiss her hand, so now she moved to his level and her fingers closed like a child's over his. Her eyes, too, were laughing, but in a delicious fashion, and it seemed to Peter, suddenly, that he had never looked into any woman's eyes before. She spoke in a voice between laughter and weeping.

"Do you know what I'm wishing, Peter? I'm wishing it was your ring... and that... and that..."

Her head fell back against his arm which moved there as by prearrangement to support it. His mouth, thirsty for the loveliness it almost touched, reached hers. There is primal magic in a garden...

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indeed a youth more to be pitied than envied. Even without the complications of Raoul's confidence and his own near understanding with Jacqueline Seymour, he would have been stunned by the elation, by the thundering triumph of his pulses, which seemed to be entirely out of control by conscience, loyalty or will.

Lucy was unable to interpret his pallor, the rigidity of his face, the dazed evidence of conflict in his eyes; she saw nothing but the fulfillment of her dream. This most attractive, this most desirable of young men had given her his lips, had held her in a close embrace was hers, her very own.

He had listened to her murmurs of love and rapture, to her singing prophecy, "I knew the instant we met there in the room with the music playing and the moon in the windows, that we were meant for each other, Peter darling."

She hardly knew that he had left her, his body pressed being quite unnecessary for the prolongation of her ecstasy. The hall of her home was a place of golden mist, the stairs a ladder of light.

She did not know that she had mounted it, but found herself at Jackie's door, in Jackie's room, in Jackie's startled presence without any consciousness of choice.

Jackie had been writing a letter to Peter Wayne, of whose swift entrance and exit she had heard and seen nothing; her eyes were vague and warm, as they came up to greet Lucy's stormy entrance; the half smile on her mouth did not immediately disappear.

Lucy closed and leaned back against the door. The disorder of amateur gardening had been indefinitely increased by the disorder of triumphant love. She looked, in fact, frantic, very pale, her eyes in such a blue blaze with wet lashes that Jackie feared calatrophe.

"Lucy, what's happened to you?"

"Everything," cried Lucy, laughing and sobbing. "Just... Heaven. Peter Wayne has been here. He... Jackie, Jackie..."

Here the child put both the earth and grass-stained hands over her face, which she turned aside and down against the door, "I can't believe it... but he says he loves me. I've loved him ever since the first second I saw him. We are... I suppose the worst for it is... engaged, but it's a very stupid word for anything like this. I don't know why I'm crying..."

IT WAS fortunate for Jackie that Lucy was crying, that she had put her hands over her eyes, for even with the prompt reinforcement of an unusual pride there was an instant of such white-tipped withering of youth in Jackie's face as would have given even this ecstatic dreamer pause. But by the time Lucy's hands had brushed away the tears of happiness, Jackie was able to come forward, to kiss her, even to speak.

"Lucy darling, I didn't guess. I never thought. Listen, mother's been calling me... Bless you! I'm... I'm glad for you to be so happy. Don't go. I'll be right back."

It was the best she could do and it was really very good. She could not have kept it up. Retreat was vital. She fled, but all in the tempo of control, closing the door gently.

She crossed the hall and after one last instant when, holding tightly to the railing, she saw her world go round in a dizzy horror of reversal, she went quietly down and out of the back door.

She got her body with stiff marching steps across the lawn and past the very spot—fortunately unrecognizable—where Lucy and Peter had amazed each other and themselves... into the woods.

There everything that upheld her gave in, into the woods.

(Continued on Page 11)

Dan Parker Tells— Pitcher Mungo's "Woo-Pitching" Joes from Down Havana Way

Maybe the Brooklyn Dodgers' "Wandering Boy" Was Just Sleep-Walking Again, But Conga Dancer Carreno Says He Wasn't Even Dressed for That Part When They Collided That Sultry Cuban Night, and Now May Draft Him In a Divorce Action

By DAN PARKER,
Popular Sports Writer and New York's Most
Famous Collector of Strange Characters.

In the colorful jargon of the diamond, a screwball is a pitch that breaks in the opposite direction from a curve.

Van Lingle Mungo, of the Brooklyn Dodgers, doesn't know the screwball but that doesn't stop him from being a screwball pitcher.

In fact, Dodger fans who have watched baseball's most delightful collection of zanies pass in review in their day-to-day ballgame as far back as the memory reaches, recently voted Van the Most Wonderful Pitcher in the World.

Lake Joe Willard, Mungo won his title in Havana. And it was woe he was pitching at the time, not baseball, according to a fellow who followed him to the city.

Carreno claims that when he forced his way into a room occupied by Lady Vine, a hostess at the Hotel Nacional, in Havana, on the morning of March 10th, he found not only Lady Vine but also his wife and Mungo, and that Mungo beat him and kicked him so badly that he has been unable to go into his dance ever since.

Suppression by the Dodgers and temporary banishment to their Montreal farm, a suit against him for damages for assault and a possible role in a divorce action the thimble dancer contemplates bringing against his wife and dancing partner are among the consequences of the latest escapade of Brooklyn's Wandering Boy.

Van has been in and out of hot water like restaurant dishes ever since he first came up to the big leagues from his South Carolina hamlet. Finer has been plastered on him until he should look like a globe-trotter's suitcase.

Five years ago, Mungo would have brought \$200,000 in the open market, as he was considered one of the best right-handers in baseball. Today you couldn't get a dime for him because he has acquired the reputation of being a daffy-down-dilly instead of putting the high hopes once held out for him.

And yet, perhaps it's only because Mungo was meant to be a winner instead of a loser that he has been in so much trouble. Usually, Van's scrapes can be traced to the fact that he is brooding over grievances, real or fancied. He likes to win ball games and when he loses through no fault of his own, his big, simple soul boils over with indignation at those who think he is conspiring to defeat his destiny.

Van Lingle is a willing toiler. He's one of those work horses whose slogan is: "Give me a little encouragement and I'll work my fool head off."

But give Mungo the idea that he is being teased around and his rebel blood boils up, and he seeks solace in the cup. Then, suitably mannered Van becomes a bear-cat who'll tackle ten times his weight in tigers.

President.

A strapping lad of six feet two, Van Lingle showed more of an inclination for baseball and other sports than for commerce in his youth. As early as 1920, when he was with the Winston-Salem club in the Piedmont League, big league scouts were looking him over.

One of them, Dick Rudolph of the Braves (now called the Bees) reported back to his manager, Bill McKechnie, that Mungo would never do as he didn't have a fast ball. This sour notice cost Rudolph his job the following season. Nap Rucker, scouting through the hinterlands of Dixie for the Dodgers, had also looked over Mungo and tabbed him as a corner. On Nap's say-so, the Dodgers had bought him and sent him to their Hartford farm in 1931.

Called up to the parent club at the end of the Eastern League season, Mungo made his debut at Ebbets Field one day in September, 1931, in the second game of a double header with the Bees. With a fast ball that reminded the Dodger fans of Dizzy Vance, who was then on the way out, Mungo turned back the Boston club in his first major league effort.

As Manager McKechnie and Judge Emil Fuchs, then president of the Braves, were walking across the diamond to the club house after the game, the Judge asked:

"Who was that young fellow who pitched against us in the second game?"

"Oh, that guy?" said Bill. "He's that Mungo fellow from the Piedmont League that Rudolph said didn't have a fast ball."

"Fire Rudolph at once!" ordered the Judge. So, Mungo, whom trouble seems to follow like his shadow, began his career as a big league pitcher by being the innocent cause of a scout losing his job.

Dodger fans who said that day that Van Lingle Mungo would fill Vance's shoes, didn't know that he was actually filling them at the very moment they were talking about it.

The big fellow forgot to bring his shoes along from Hartford when he reported, so he borrowed a pair of Dizzy's bunions cases. In Hartford, where they insure practically everything, they wouldn't issue a policy on Mungo because he is a somnambulist.

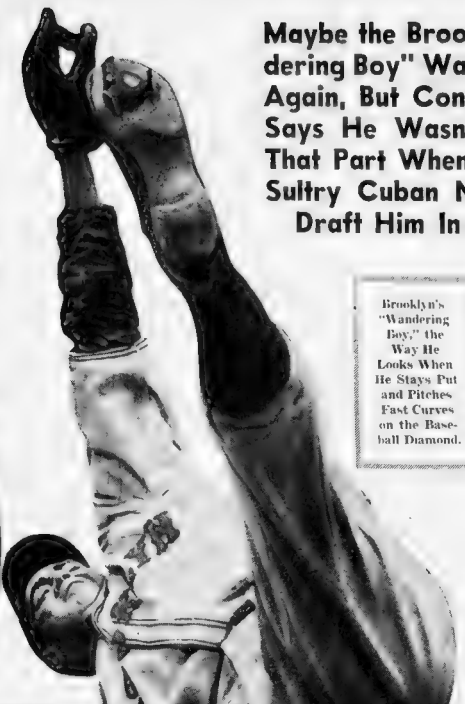
One of the most comical coincidences since one stammering guy asked another stammerer how to get to Riecker Street and got a punch on the nose instead of the right direction, took place in Hartford when Mungo was assigned to room with Paul Richards. Paul also did roadwork in his dreams.

There was strange goings-on in their room while the dawn of night had descended on dear old Hartford. Night after night, one or the other would be awakened by the commotion made by his roommate in doing his Dan O'Leary around the bed room. More than once, they saved each other from stepping out of a sixth floor window into space.

Mungo will never forget the night he and Richards slept-walked a double-header Mungo woke up under the bed and also, under the impression that he had just walked through the center of the earth to Shanghai, China. Richards came to in a clothes closet which refused to open his walls and let him pass through on his way around the bases on a home run that broke Babe Ruth's record.

In view of Van's nocturnal pilgrimages while in the realm of Morpheus it could well be that he was walking in his sleep when he arrived in the room occupied by the two women in the Hotel Nacional, on that fateful morning during the idea of March.

One of Mungo's goofiest adventures happened in 1936 when he allowed himself to be



Van Lingle Mungo, Baseball's No. 1 Problem Child, in a Pellicious Pose With Devoted Mrs. Mungo, Who Doesn't Seem to Consider Him Anything of a Domestic Problem.

Brooklyn's "Wandering Boy," the Way He Looks When He Stays Put and Pitches Fast Curves on the Baseball Diamond.



Sleep-Walking Mr. Mungo in a Wide-Awake Moment, Perhaps Thinking of the Cuban Complications That Got Him Banished to the Dodgers' Montreal Farm.

four in another mess. Brooding over defeat against the fireball man loaded on firewater one night in St. Louis and, after closing all the bars in town, flowed gently into his hotel at 5 a. m.

Deciding the hour was appropriate for a hand of pinche, Mungo went to Jimmy Bucher's room and rapped sharply on the door. Bucher, awakened from a sound sleep, jumped out of bed, thinking the world had come to an end and threw open the door. When he saw bleary-eyed Mungo, yawning from side to side framed in the doorway, he pushed him out. Van pushed back, good and hard.

Then, before you could say: "Van Lingle is a naughty boy," Mungo was gone, leaving a trail of chaos and waste baskets flying through the air with the greatest of ease.

Van's control was never better. He tossed nothing but strikes with Jimmie as his catcher. Woody English, a former Dodger, awakened by the commotion, opened a door and saw Mungo's legs sticking out of the doorway. He was so shocked that he didn't know what to do but to close the door and go to bed.

At the start of the battle Bucher found him was a soft touch. He was so tired that he couldn't throw a ball. He was so tired that he couldn't throw a ball. He was so tired that he couldn't throw a ball.

He came out of it with a beautiful shiner and a lot of \$1,000, the highest ever paid to a National League pitcher.

Van Lingle always gave promise of being the National League's ace. This is actually the only record he holds, and he set it pitching furniture, not baseball.

A newspaper photographer called Mungo the day and asked if he could stop in to his room and take a shot of the under the loogie. He did not say a word.

A reporter who tried to photograph Mungo was told that he was not in the room. A photo of an ordinary man, even one with a thesaurus.

Well, that's what the "black eye and me" still Van hanging up.

Mungo is always surrounded by a fight he'll fight back. Back at the Polo Grounds, when Lusk was playing with the team, that brawl cost Van Lingle only \$25 and he hasn't been able to have it mentioned in the club house with his major league battles.

It was just a minor league altercation," says Van, who is a bit of a malapropagandist in his spare time.

Many of Van Lingle's troubles may be attributed to the fact that his catchers couldn't hold his shots and he couldn't hold his shots.

His fireball was hard to handle but no more so than Mungo himself after he had downed a couple of firewater balls.

Sober, Van is the sanest man you'd want to encounter, and as for the way they come.

But when his innards are annoyed with mountain dew, he becomes the No. 1 Problem Child of Baseball.

The late John McGraw used to appoint a caretaker for Bugs Raymond, his eccentric pitcher. It was the keeper's duty to keep Bugs sober. Raymond would either give him



Christina Carreno, With Her Dancing-Partner Husband, Who Says He Can't Dance With Her Any More Because of What Happened That Hot Night in Havana.

knocked in an airplane by a baseball writer to make good a threat he had made during a fit of anger that he would jump the ball club.

It was in Pittsburgh and Van had been brooding over a hint that his teammates had tossed away on him. Meeting Mungo in the lobby of the Dodgers' hotel, Eddie Zellner, one of the war correspondents with the club thought he noticed a wild look in Van's eyes so he asked him if anything was wrong.

"I'll say something's wrong," said Van, disconcertedly. "I'm through with this ball club. They're not going to throw away any more ball games on me. I'm jumping the team to-night and you can put it in your paper that I said it."

Zellner had it on the wire even while the echo of Van's words was still resounding through the lobby. When the sports editors of the other New York papers saw Zellner's story they wired their representatives with the club to look into the matter and report back. Seeing Mungo in the lobby, the other baseball writers naturally wired back.

"Nothing to Mungo yarn. He's here in hotel."

When the New York papers arrived in Pittsburgh the next morning and Zellner showed them to Mungo, the big pitcher said: "I'm not going to make a bar out of you, Eddie. Van is a standup guy. When's the next train for New York?"

The following season, Van landed on all

the following season, Van landed on all

the following season, Van landed on all

the following season, Van landed on all

the following season, Van landed on all

the following season, Van landed on all

the following season, Van landed on all

the following season, Van landed on all

the following season, Van landed on all

The Black Star—A New Exp of the Biblical Flood and the Rain

Noted English Explorer H. T. Wilkins Constructs From Observations of Terrible Jungle Ruins and Legends of American Aborigines and Other Story of a Catastrophe Which Explains Puzzling Statements in the Old Testament Among Them the Great Agony of the Patriarchs



"And God Said, * * * I Do Set My Bow in the Cloud, and It Shall Be for a Token of a Covenant Between Me and the Earth * * * And the Waters Shall No More Become a Flood to Destroy All Flesh"—From Verses 12, 13 and 14 of Chapter 9, Genesis.

The Rainbow in the Sky and Noah Worshipping at the End of the Flood. From an Interesting 16th Century Print.

ENGLISH explorer Harold T. Wilkins' fascinating article on the Lost Cities of Brazil's "Green Hell," will be long remembered by readers of The American Weekly, as will also his articles on the Pirates of the old Spanish Main and his search for their hidden treasures.

Mr. Wilkins is not only an explorer and treasure-seeker but also a profound student of ancient legend and folklore, and one of the few white men who have penetrated into the trackless and still unexplored jungles of South and Central America—and lived to tell about it.

By HAROLD T. WILKINS,

Well-Known English Explorer and Student of Ancient Legend and Folklore.

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LONDON, England.

READERS of The American Weekly will remember my story last year about the great, dead cities of the Mato Grosso in Brazil and other marvellous parts of South America. I know they will remember, so many have written to ask what could possibly have forced the world's first great civilization to abandon its mighty, walled cities, unscathed by fire and sword, and just vanish.

And well they might ask, for it is perhaps the greatest mystery connected with humanity, some 12,000 years ago, as the previous article showed, a race that should have been the most secure the world ever knew, left its splendid homes with no place to go and seemingly went nowhere except into oblivion.

Was it a hurried flight? These lords and masters, if their day left behind an alphabet, fine statuary, buried treasure and dropped some of their gold coins, yet not a stick of furniture remains. Strangest of all, it might be said that they left their lights on.

Some of those mysterious eternal lights are still glowing in their crumbling, jungle towers. Yet the men who invented them seem to have slipped off the face of the earth.

Where are their descendants? Where are their bones? Where could they have gone?

Individuals, suffering from amnesia, sometimes leave a happy home that way. Ships have been found, with nothing wrong, no evidence of disorder on board, yet no clue of what became of the missing crew.

But great races do not have amnesia nor take to lifeboats in a panic.

Did I imagine that a pestilence could have wiped out all the inhabitants of all those cities, or did I really believe in a flood that could drown the mountain ranges on which some of those cities stood? If so where did all the water come from?

It was this last question which bothered me. I had reason to believe from the construction of the city walls that the dreaded enemy of these prehistoric builders was water, and that this was the foe that had wiped them out.

But the supposition called for enough water to

submerge virtually the entire continent of South America. Also it had to supply enough to account for the Biblical deluge which Captain Noah rode out in his Ark. Since both these catastrophes evidently happened about the same time I was bound to believe that they must have been caused by the same terrific force.

If the South American continent had sunk to the bottom of the ocean about 12,000 years ago, it would have drowned out the cities. Then had it immediately risen again, the tidal wave would have engulfed other continents and accounted for Noah's cruise.

But any such volcanic upheaval in recent times would be stamped all over the face of the earth. Geology records nothing of the kind. It did not happen that way. Then how did it happen?

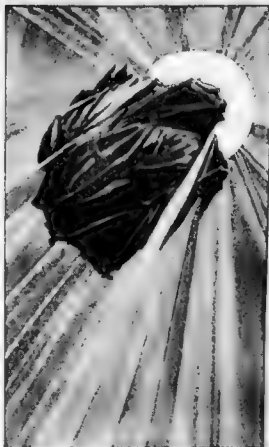
Well, I had been collecting evidence here and there as to what that force could be, and now these letters made me devote myself almost exclusively to solving this most gigantic of all murder mysteries. Not until the evidence was almost all in did I get on the track of the monster that did it all and probably came within a few hours of exterminating the human race completely.

When a sheriff, investigating the murder of an isolated household by someone, evidently of gigantic strength, learns that on the day of the crime a tramp of gigantic size passed the house, he knows he has probably got the answer.

That is what I found—evidence of a tramp, a celestial tramp, a dead, frozen sun, a dark star that wandered through our happy, tidy little solar system, almost destroying the member of the sun's family on which we live. Such was the infernal havoc wrought by the sky-wanderer on this earth, that the maddened survivors have not entirely recovered their reason to this day.

A portent in the sky, such as a harmless comet, little more than a whiff of hydrogen, circling the sun, is enough to rouse instinctive dread that the end of the world is coming. Small wonder—for we are a shell-shocked race.

Among other things, this dreadful visitation probably created the theory of atonement which is really a theory of appeasement. The survivors



The Asteroid Eros, Called a "Mountain in Space." Science Believes It Possible That a Too Close Visit of Such Bodies Might Have Catastrophic Consequences Such as Described by Explorer Wilkins.



The Head on the Left Is Ancient Greek and Represents Which Turned People Into Stone; at the Right Is a Head in Yucatan, Showing the Same Curious Thru-the-Eye Believes That the "Sculptural Motif" Was Derived from Which Was Drowned Out.



Unexplained Mysteries of the Mexican Jungle Are Carved Upon Heads Such as Those Which Are Uncarved Now and Then and No One Knows Who Carved Them From the Hard Basalt, or When.

hoped that by voluntarily sacrificing a few human beings, at stated intervals, the gods would refrain from trying to exterminate everybody again.

NOW for the evidence against the heavenly hobo. Evidence is of two kinds, testimony by persons and that by mute, inanimate objects. The last, known as circumstantial, is often more reliable but must first be discovered and then interpreted. I will jump back and forth as one kind of evidence corroborates the other.

We should begin with the best known of all, the Old Testament account of the deluge. There can be no doubt that this is an account of a genuine flood, the only important questions being when it happened, how extensive it was and how accurate the various details are to be considered.

There are far older records of that flood legend than the Book of Genesis. For instance with a Noah, by another name, and an Ark, more than five times as big, it has been found on clay tablets, written in the cuneiform script of the Sumerians, which was already a dead language when the Old Testament was being set down.

This version, known as the Gilgamesh legend, is a narrative close enough for an infringement

suit had there been copyrights in those days.

The Sumerians annoyed the early archaeologists by inscriptions stating that some of their first kings enjoyed quite impossibly long reigns.

But were they lying? We will come back to that later, as part of the evidence. Call a modern man a liar and he may strike you. Say it of one of these ancients and, with a dusty laugh from the past, he may make a fool of you.

In pruning away from the Biblical narrative, all additions and errors that may have crept in as it came down the ages, the first to go would surely be that beautifully-poetic promise of the rainbow. Genesis says that God not only promised Noah never to drown the world again, but said:

"I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be a token of a covenant between me and the earth."

"And it shall come to pass, when I bring a cloud over the earth, that the bow shall be seen in the cloud." (Genesis IX, 13-14.)

We set that aside as pure poetry, but nothing more because the poetic effect of sunlight, passing through raindrops, has been the same before as after the deluge.

The Sumerian account has it also. After telling of the dismay of the gods at the flood, in which "they crouched like dogs against a wall and Ishtar screamed like a woman in childbirth," there comes the same happy ending:

"Then Ishtar, the mighty goddess, lights up the mighty bow or collar of great gems. . . Ishtar's hung the rainbow in the sky."

Never mind, this only shows that the poetic thought was invented that much earlier. We strike out the rainbow testimony and tell the jury to disregard it. But no sooner have we thrown it out of court than it comes again from other witnesses who cannot be accused of collusion. How can it be explained that traditions from South America, telling of a flood at about that same time, feature the rainbow?

The old Chichas of Bogota, on the high savannas of modern Colombia, say they were civilized by a certain old man in black, named Bochicha. When Bochicha came to quell the flood he was seated on a rainbow!

The Incas of Peru also said that the rainbow was a sign that the world would no more be drowned. They attributed it to the sun god Viracocha who appeared at Lake Titicaca after a great deluge.

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of Head From Paleaeque,
enque: Explorer Wilkins
From a Common Source
the Deluge.

Maybe we must let
the evidence get to the
jury after all. But can
it mean that there was
something in the sky,
after the flood, which
was not there before?
Just as the Bible
says:

"Perhaps it is about time to bring in some cir-
cumstantial evidence from old Mother Earth
herself. In polar Spitzbergen and around the
North Pole are to be found deposits of coal, a
distance which is generally supposed to be created
by such lush vegetable growth as occurs only
in the tropics."

Capt. Roger Pocock, founder of the famous
Frontiersmen, discovered close to the
Spitzbergen beaches, fossil plants that could only
have grown in hot, fetid swamps. His conclusion
from years of circumstantial evidence is that Spitz-
bergen once lay on the earth's equator, whereas
it is close to the North Pole.

"There is plenty more evidence that this planet,
some 10,000 to 14,000 years ago, was sent reeling
from some sort of terrific shock, which might have
completely shifted its axis."

MUTE, inanimate witnesses, but still very
much in the flesh, are the mammoths occa-
sionally dug out of Siberia's area of eternal frost.
The mammoth, a huge beast extinct since long
ago, history began, needed to devour at least
half a ton of fresh vegetation per day and would
hardly have sought that barren, frozen waste
which never thaws out, even in mid-summer.

"Yet there he has buried himself, not only with
his flesh intact but sometimes, still fresh
enough to be eaten. Clearly the climate must have
changed in the twinkling of an eye, from some-
thing at least temperate to one that covered the
animals in a shroud of ice and snow that has never
melted out to this day."

A scientific association in Vienna, some years
ago, calculated that the disaster happened around
year 9584 B. C. They said that the shock ac-
celerated our earth, which is like a gyroscope but
with degrees of freedom which the device itself in
its gimbal rings does not possess, that the planet
leveled like a top that has been hit, and finally
leveled its axis.

This would explain the poles and the equator
wapping places, but they were puzzled by some-
thing else which it did not account for. The entire
temperature of the globe cooled so much that it
fought on the ice age.

So these witnesses leave the stand with the
altering admission that they have said something
which they themselves can hardly believe. Thus
we have mustered evidence of a crime but not
shred to identify the criminal. It is like one of
those meaningless coroner's verdicts, which say:
"Done with a blunt instrument by person or
persons unknown."

"We will now put on some more records of the
past, from human beings who traced the footsteps
of the villain in the sky. In his De Civitate Dei,
St. Augustine quotes from a lost book written by
Peregrinus Varro, one of Pompey's lieutenants
against the Mediterranean pirates, as follows:

"In the heavens an amazing sign appeared;
or the star of Venus, most noble, that Plautus
saith the evening star, and Homer, the morning
star, and on which Castor writes saying that
such a portent existed, for it changed in color,
size, form, shape and course, than neither before

nor after was the like seen. This event befell in
the reign of King Ogyges, saith Adrastus Cyzi-
cenus and Dion Neapolites, noble mathematicians."
If this is true, it means one of three things,
either that our next door planet between us and
the sun, was yanked out of its orbit, or that it was
made to look that way by the fact that this earth
was yanked out of hers or perhaps by both those
things happening at once.

WHILE sending to other parts of the world for
corroborating witnesses to that Venus phenom-
enon, let us see what it would mean to this world.
If the earth, up to that time, had been
swinging around the sun in an orbit much closer
to Venus than at present, the terrestrial year, in-
stead of 365 must have been much shorter, per-
haps 250 to 260 days.

In that case historians owe an apology to the
scribes who credited the first Sumerian kings with
such incredibly long reigns. On the basis of a 250-
day year, they are not so incredible.

Most interesting of all, it brings the lives of
the Biblical patriarchs within the realm of scientific
acceptation.

Methuselah, champion of them all, lived to be
969 years. This has already been pared down to
a fourth, by the conviction that each of the four
seasons was counted as a year, but even that gives
him 242 years which is a full century too much,
without supernatural intervention.

On the shorter year basis it would reduce
Methuselah's longevity to somewhere around 166
years of our length, not so startlingly greater than
the record of "Old Parr" whose aged bones lie in
Westminster Abbey because he managed to cheat
the grave for nearly a century and a half, and
might have done much better had he not devoted
his last few decades to heavy eating and drinking.

If the earth was that much closer to the sun,
it must have warmed up the entire globe so much
that swampy, coal-producing forests and tropical
plants could flourish even at the poles. This would
be one plausible interpretation on the circumstan-
tial evidence given by Spitzbergen and other polar
regions.

And that rainbow? It takes it out of the realm
of poetry into solid, scientific probability.

Astronomers agree that no rainbow is ever to
be seen on Venus, even if there were eyes to see
it, because she is too close to the hot sun. From
pole to pole, the planet is wrapped in an unbroken
blanket of clouds of water vapor, endlessly boil-
ing up from the hot oceans. Endlessly
it rains on Venus and never can
there be a rainbow because this re-
quires a clearing sky.

When the earth was occupying a
berth near Venus it must have shared this
cloud-shrouded condition. Pulling
it out to its present cooler orbit
would permit clear skies, for the first
time. This new and striking phenom-
enon, of a bow in the skies, after
the disaster was over, would natu-
rally be taken as a sign of hope and
promise that the world would not be
wrecked again that way.

When Bochicha, the wise old man
in black, came to the shell-shocked
savages of Bogota, "seated on a rain-
bow," it merely means that he and
the rainbow arrived together, or are
remembered together.

A Rare Late 14th Century Florentine Engraving of the Deluge Which Explorer Wilkins Believes
Was Caused by the Passage of a Dark Star Through the Solar System When the Earth Occu-
pied a Different Orbit Around the Sun Than Now—Which Orbit Was Changed to the Present
One by the Influence of the Intruder. Picture Copyright by H. T. Wilkins.

The poor savages were in
a chastened mood to take
advice from this learned
man. But where would a
wise old man like that come
from, after the great delu-
ge? Nowhere I can con-
ceive of but from the dead
cities or from the lost Atlan-
tis, whose colonies they
must have been.

All right, "important if
true," but who else saw
Venus moving around in the
sky?

Well, we have a deposition
from Central America. In
old Mexico, before the Span-
ish Conquistadors under
Cortez arrived, the Aztecs
celebrated a festival com-
memorating changes in the
condition of several constel-
lations after the time of the
great catastrophic deluge.

One fiesta commemorated
a change in the planet Ven-
us, called by the Aztecs
Tlahuizcalpantecuhtli, or the
Lord-Who-Lights-the-
House-Tops.

The Aztecs also had a god-
dess called Itzpapalotl, or
Goddess of the Butterfly
with the Obsidian Knives. Curiously enough she
had another name and personality, Ixcuina, in
which she was the goddess of lascivious love. In
the Codex Letellier in the Bibliotheque Nationale,
at Paris, it says:

"She caused death to the world, and is one
of the six constellations that fell from the sky
at the time of the deluge."

Most of the familiar landmarks of the sky
must have done strange things or temporarily
vanished entirely while the earth was being
violently shunted from one orbit to another, Venus
perhaps most conspicuously of all. However, there

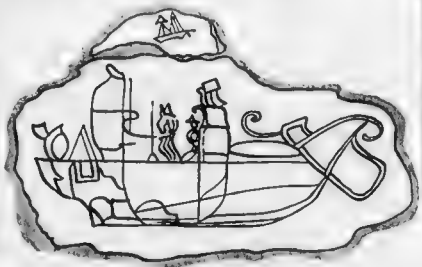
(Continued on Page 26)



Reconstruction of a
Before-the-Flood City
in South America by
H. T. Wilkins From the
Mysterious Ruins Which
He Examined in the
Untracked Brazil
Wilderness. Copyright
by H. T. Wilkins.



An Ancient Aztec Temple Which Bears the Stamp,
Mr. Wilkins Believes, of the Pre-Flood Buildings.
At the Left is a Curious Rock Picture From Rio
Negro, Brazil, Supposed to Represent a Phoenician
Galley Trading With Natives Many Hundred Years
Before the Christian Era. Copyright, H. T. Wilkins.



SELECTED FICTION

Fatal Gift

(Continued from Page 16)

way, she went down to the earth. She did not cry. Her breath came in dry broken gasps; her hands reached out, groped for shoes at the very moment when the vortex of her anguish consumed her. She was not in her room. She was not in her room. She was not in her room.

It was not in her room. She was not in her room. She was not in her room. She was not in her room. She was not in her room. She was not in her room. She was not in her room.

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minutes he had together before you and Raul had to make a dash for the plane.

And now I'm not going to say it because, meanwhile, Lucy has told me that you and she are engaged to be married. (No, she did not believe it at all. It had been almost easy to write down the fantastic assertion. I knew Lucy and I don't doubt her word but Peter, I do know that she is a curiously naive and inexperienced girl, and I will not be able to accept her news until you have confirmed it.)

"If it's true, then nobody could be so sure that you love her. But there isn't a girl in the world, Peter, and I'm sure you understand why there can't be without me going into it that would find it harder to believe."

"I'm very proud and I can't bring myself to say much more than this, but we have been friends so long, and I don't think I'm stupid or vain enough to imagine something that hasn't any evidence at all. Peter, I thought you loved me. I thought you were going to tell me so. There it is out."

"If you don't and if you weren't, that's all right. Only please tell me soon because. No, I can't put it down. Peter, my dear, I feel that there is something between us that is very strong and real and lasting. Don't let me suffer for Lucy's sake as for my own. Don't let me throw it away too lightly. I shall say that's all I can say. Forgive me if I'm mistaken and try to forget everything I've said. I'll be waiting."

Jackie

VIII

LUCY, too, was waiting, but in a very different mood of expectation. Peter Wayne's first letter would set the seal upon her happiness. Meanwhile, her ruminations included everyone, even, it came to her to forgive Henry Trayne and to feel for him a rush of comprehending tenderness. He was so a lonely fighting young man, a westerner in the east, a ranchman in the city, a horseman cramped by the exigencies of the machine.

Overcoming him, as he walked thoughtfully from cheap lunch room to empty office, Lucy slowed down her smart grey roadster and called to him.

"Don't I love you, sweetheart, Henry Trayne?"

He looked up and all that was in his mind was to speak from the sky, then smiled and came to her.

"How did it turn out, if he asked immediately?"

After an instant of bewilderment, Lucy showed the color of guilt.

"I'm sorry. How mean of me never to tell you!" It turned out beautifully.

"I thought so since I lost my patient."

"I was going to say for everyone but me, now I'll say for everyone but you and me."

"You don't look as if you'd fallen upon evil days."

Her floating sky blue summer dress with its short puffed sleeves and spreading skirt made in fact a celestial aureole for her most apparent health and happiness.

"Get in," she commanded. "I'll take you up the river for a mile or two. Let the patients wait."

With a very smile Henry accepted her invitation. "Young or old, nobody will have to wait."

Henry? Haven't you any patients at all?"

My landlady, who has been suffering with bronchitis, one messenger boy who was good enough to fall off his bicycle at my gate and sprain his wrist. Your Aunt Lu, no longer. That's the list."

SNP drew expertly from the traffic into an empty road. "What?" she asked him from her unshadowed world, troubled faintly by his anxieties. "What are you going to do?"

He was leaning forward, his hands folded together between his knees. She could see his blunt and steady profile that had no line or angle for the preparation or for the acceptance of defeat.

Well, Uncle Jeff, our common near-ancestor, lent me capital to hold out for two years...mercifully, and I've got a chance for a hospital appointment. Private seminar out on the Main Line. I shall certainly take it although I'd prefer to go it on my own. You see, Lucy, or you would have seen if you'd been a more ambitious guinea pig. I have a theory and a method of my own."

"It certainly worked with Aunt Lu."

His flush and quick narrow glance showed pleasure. "Yes, it did, didn't it? With your help."

"But getting me to help was part of your method. Henry, or you would have seen if you'd been wanting to apologize to me for my...outburst that evening I don't know why you scared and angered me so."

"I know. And I think, if you will force yourself to think honestly, you will know too. But what's happened to you, Lucy?"

She was startled, put up her hand to her face.

"Happened...?"

"O, I don't mean to that precious mask of yours. You seem more of a woman somehow and a bit more aware of...well, let's say, a man."

Lucy's lips flamed beautifully across blue confusion. The color swept her throat and face.

Henry seemed to gather himself together. "Ah!" this was a quick intake of breath and, looking away, he got out and filled a pipe. His fingers moved more rapidly than usual and twice he failed with his light.

"I'm in love," she told him. After a short stiff silence

for the first time it occurred to her that she and her family might be able to do something to help him, might even be able to round up some patients for him, now that she knew how good he was. Why hadn't she thought of it before?

"Do you mind the heat?" she asked him, and was astonished by a great outbreak of entirely unmerciful laughter. "Well," she protested, "it is hot." Jackie looks dreadfully pale too lately. I usually go away in July and August, and I think Linne ought to send Jackie to the seashore or the mountains. Dad will probably be taking his vacation sometime soon, though nothing's been said about it yet."

She sighed. "Things haven't been so dreadfully comfortable at home, somehow. But...you never asked me why the Aunt Lu case turned out so badly for me."

Henry repeated absently, "The Aunt Lu case...then tell me why."

Lucy told. "And ever since, Linne has felt different towards me. I can see it, feel it. She's perfectly gentle and polite, but she was on the way to really liking me."

"On the way..." Henry repeated in such a peculiar parrot fashion that Lucy again gave him an inspection.

"Yes, I mean...naturally you can't like a person...another woman in a hurry...not really, especially. I guess, a stepdaughter, the child of a woman your husband must once have loved a lot. But Linne was getting to like me and...because I couldn't explain what happened and because what I did really looked very queer...sort of underhand

Henry said, "Ah!" again. Then when a mile had strewn itself behind them he went on, "You've found the wonderful fellow, clever, ambitious, handsome, tall, dashing, with a look of derring-do..."

"Being a doctor must be good for the memory. Yes, I have found him."

"And he has been less sensitive than you feared to the obscurity of your type and to your lack of intelligence."

Henry's tone was light, if bitter and there was Lucy's suddenly anxious look, told her something like a smile on his lips. But... "He doesn't look as well as he did," she said, "when I last saw him, worried and lonely and discouraged, poor Boy."

"For the first time it occurred to her that she and her family might be able to do something to help him, might even be able to round up some patients for him, now that she knew how good he was. Why hadn't she thought of it before?"

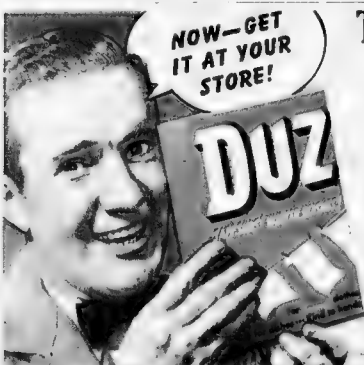
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(Continued on Page 18)



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Try Procter & Gamble's Brand-New Soap for EVERYTHING..

DUZ

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- 1 JUST LOOK AT THIS TOWEL! DUZ DOES 'EM FAR WHITER!
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AT LAST! A different kind of soap. All the power of strongest granulated soaps... yet DUZ is SAFE!

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How women go for this new kind of soap! Probably never before have your neighbors been so enthusiastic about any new soap. Women are buying DUZ so fast stores actually have trouble keeping it on their shelves.

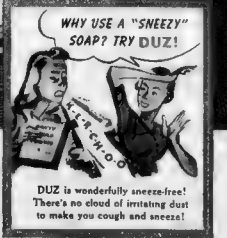
And no wonder! Here's a soap with power—real power to get towels and shirts up to 25% whiter than lots of other soaps we've tested. A soap with the punch to get even the grimmest work-clothes sparkling clean without hard scrubbing. DUZ gets all this power and punch from the hardest-working kind of sudsing material known to science.

DUZ has all its power in itself—that's why it doesn't have to be loaded down with strong chemicals. That's why DUZ is so safe. That's why all your pretty washables come out looking soft and gay washed time after time in DUZ—yes, even your nice rayon dresses and wool sweaters. And, naturally, DUZ is easy on your hands.

Remember! One soap for everything is real economy, too. Don't wait another minute! Pick up a bright red package of DUZ today!



DUZ does Everything!



WHY USE A "SNEEZY" SOAP? TRY DUZ!

DUZ is wonderfully antiseptic-free! There's no cloud of irritating dust to make you cough and sneeze!

BABIES THAT WORK for a LIVING



There's a Baby in the Bundle This Movie Actress Is Holding—But the Director Couldn't Keep the Youngster Before the Camera More Than 30 Seconds at a Stretch

Most of Them Are on the Job Only Half a Minute at a Time—and the Law Won't Let Them Labor More Than 20 Minutes Out of Any One Day

PERSONALITIES and humanitarians still find plenty of work to do in improving the lot of American youngsters—but they have nothing to squawk about when it comes to the manner in which the movie producers of Hollywood handle their infant actors and actresses.

It seems to be a hard-and-fast rule in the cinema capital that every youngster who is engaged to appear before the sound cameras must first have a thorough physical and mental examination by physicians ap-

pointed by the State of California. Children who are not sound in every respect seldom, if ever, get by the casting director.

Even more rigid are the rules governing the employment of babies in a film. Particularly youngsters under six months old. First off, the parents of the little shaver must give their consent that their offspring can work in the movies. Then the studio must make all arrangements to have the child looked over by a reputable doctor picked by the State of California, and a qualified nurse must be hired to stay with the youngster at all times.

And "at all times" means ex-

actly that. The nurse must go to the baby's home in a car furnished by the studio where there must be a nurse on duty in operation where the child is at and be fed between shootings.

No one could possibly say that the movie execs break the child labor laws either in letter or in spirit when they hire babies to work for the screen. No child is allowed to appear before the

camera more than 20 minutes at a time, and never for more than five hours in a day. The rules are so strict that no work is allowed in the studio after 10 o'clock, and the child must be out of the studio by 11 o'clock.

When the studio is ready to work on a scene, the baby is again taken to the set, but the nurse is not allowed to leave the child's side. The child is then given a complete physical examination to determine whether the brief appearance before the camera was too much of a strain on the youngster's body.

For a child's education, the studio usually employs a fully equipped nursery where the youngsters can rest, eat and find a collection of toys such as only very rich parents could provide.

On a recent visit to one of Hollywood's largest studios, an observer especially interested in the handling of the movie capital's young performers was

impressed by the fact that the studio's welfare was a primary consideration. The studio's welfare was a primary consideration. The studio's welfare was a primary consideration.

These babies are not taken on until a few seconds before the scene is shot. The baby is then taken to the set and the scene is shot. The baby is then taken to the set and the scene is shot.

The fact that the director and his entire crew had been working half a day in preparation for the baby's brief appearance was not mentioned.

Even the earnings of the studio's infant stars are small. The studio's infant stars are small. The studio's infant stars are small.



The children of Royalty get no better care than kiddies do in Hollywood's studios. This little girl has two nurses to keep an eye on her when she isn't busy at the Pleasant and Well-Paid Work of Acting.



A Registered Nurse Takes Care of Three Tots Who Appeared in a Recent Movie.

These Are Stand-Ins for Movie Babies, Who Spend Very Little Time Under the Lights.

A Doctor Who Only Treats Patients With Wings

FEW medical men have treated half that number of human beings but Mrs. Lucia G. Mansera of Los Angeles has caseloads in her files to prove that, in the past 20 years, she has prescribed for at least 200,000 patients—all birds.

Five treated every variety from humming birds to peafowls," says Mrs. Mansera who also happens to be a grandmother. "My father was a bird fancier who had the largest private collection in California. His birds came from all over the world and often were ailing on arrival. I doctored them so successfully that my father put me in charge of the 'infirmary.' He bought me the best books on the subject, but I discarded all of them and worked out my problems with some small knowledge of medicine plus a generous helping of common sense."

Recently, Mrs. Mansera performed her first bone tumor operation on an African grey parrot, belonging to a Hollywood film director. The entire operation, without anesthetic, took 12 minutes. The patient lost less than half a teaspoonful of blood, and was able to return home in three days.

Proaching canaries with new topknots, after they have been scalped by butcher birds, have become an old story to Mrs. Mansera.

"When the scalped area is too large," she explains, "I keep the skull moistened and the skin edges clipped. In three weeks, that treatment will grow a new scalp, the feathers of which match the missing topknot. If the area is not too large, I graft a bit of tissue, taken from the bird's wing stretches, onto the skull. A new topknot grows in about two weeks."

Most of her canary patients

suffer from digestive disorders, with ravenous tumors and bone fractures common. Sinus trouble, too, is a common canary ailment, caused by chaff insects in seed dishes.

Paul Rathbone, Mary Pickford, Constance Bennett, Dolores del Rio, Harold Lloyd and Cecil B. De Mille are a few of the Hollywood personages whose feathered pets have been cared for at her Birdland Bird Hospital.

"My most memorable operation was performed on a mother parrot suffering from a bruised eye that had started to decay," Mrs. Mansera said. "Removal of the eye was necessary but I shrank from doing it without an anesthetic. However, I dared not risk one because anesthesia is always fatal to parrots. I had no instruments for operating on birds' eyes so I bent a pair of tweezers into shape to fit the eye-ball, wrapped up my patient and went to work with my heart in my mouth."

"Fifteen minutes later, the operation was over. There was no hemorrhage, every eyelash was still in place. I tied off the cord back to the eyeball by knotting it before I severed it. After packing the empty socket, the bird was practically ready to go home but it was almost ready for a sedative."

Fifty miles from Los Angeles Mrs. Mansera runs her "Old Ladies' Home." Under the kindly eye of an elderly caretaker, more than 150 birds inhabit the five acres of sanctuary.

The inmates include birds whose owners can no longer care for them, others uncared for at the hospital, and a few "unwanted." To shunns, blind persons, and elderly incurables, Mrs. Mansera gives three birds and supplies the food necessary to maintain a balanced diet.



"My, I just feel like a four-alarm fire!"

WITH ALL THESE handsome firemen being so attentive to me," said Elsie, the Borden Cow, at her welcome home celebration, "you make me believe I'm hot stuff!"

"And you are, Elsie!" beamed the Mayor. "Your old home town is proud of you! Why, you were the toast of the New York World's Fair, the darling of Hollywood, and—"

"And tonight at the Firemen's Ball, I suppose I'll be a fire-belle!" laughed Elsie. "But you're forgetting my real career—producing just about the best and purest milk there is for Borden's."



"That did sort of slip my mind," admitted the Mayor.

"These Borden experts never let it slip mine," said Elsie. "They never relax a single minute with the care they give me, or the skill they devote to the products folks count on so much."

"Count on?" asked the Mayor curiously.

tangy dessert cheese that's strictly an American creation, and is a meal time tradition with millions of Americans. I couldn't let them down, could I?"



"Golly, I hope not!" breathed the Mayor. "My wife would miss it just as much as I would!"

"She'd probably miss my Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk, too!" said Elsie. "Like thousands of



women, she knows it's the secret of making the most delicious cream soups and snowy-mashed potatoes. And it also brings her valuable premium coupons that she can save for a world of handsome, useful, worth-while free presents."

"Say, Elsie," said the Mayor, "this celebration doesn't do you justice. Maybe a statue would pay tribute..."

"Oh, shush!" smiled Elsie, not too modestly. "I get all the tribute I want when folks' faces light up over the lovely cake icing and candies and cookies made



from Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk—one of my very best achievements, by the way!"

"Then," mused the Mayor, "maybe some sort of crown would be..."

"Not that, either," interrupted Elsie. "My crowning glory is Borden's Ice Cream. It's really one of the



most delicious forms of my rich milk. It's so smooth and creamy, every refreshing spoonful reflects credit on me—and on Borden."

"I'll concede that right now," laughed the Mayor—"without mincing words!"

"Did you ever mince pies?" quipped Elsie. "The



best pie-makers say that Borden's None Such Mince Meat is the spiciest, most delicious filling of all. And goodness, it ought to be—it has the same fine quality and expert care that distinguishes all Borden products."

"Well, Elsie!" smiled the Mayor. "You certainly have made good!"

"Oh, that's a 'must' in my life!" replied Elsie. "You see, people everywhere have learned to depend on this: If it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!"

To bring you the best of dairy products, more than 100,000 dairy farms provide milk for Borden... and to guard the goodness of all Borden foods and deliver them to your home, more than 27,000 employees work in partnership with 47,000 Borden owner-stockholders.





I Pledge Allegiance
Is the Title of This Prize-Winning Picture snapped by 14-year-Old Florence Jaques of Jackson Heights, New York, Who Explains That the Tableau "Signifies Peace and Freedom."

NOT long ago one of the public rooms of a New York hotel became a temporary art gallery for the snapshots of a few photographers. The pictures were not taken by professional cameramen. They weren't even the snapshots taken by little girls and from an amateur's point of view they were not so much.

Behind these very ordinary snapshots there should furnish considerable comfort to those who shared with seeing that the nation's defense problem is not a simple one and provide more than a little discomfort to the representatives of foreign powers who are anything but anxious to undermine democracy and the American way of life.

The pictures were snapped by some of the country's Camp Fire Girls who, for many months, had been working around their homes and home towns for families in the protection of the Stars and Stripes. That none of the pictures the girls found can be said to be strikingly dramatic proved to the judges of the contest that this is a good country to live in—that it is not the hotbed of screaming dictators following the us as it promises to great masses of the population, or if it is, it is not by bombs.

The pictures were unexpectably normal, and each of the posed what they were supposed to prove that Americans who live in the United States are fortunate and should be proud to live in that land.

The prize-winning picture, shown at the upper left, was taken by 14-year-old Florence Jaques of Jackson Heights, New York. She wrote a little essay to go with it which she called "I Pledge Allegiance." "I choose," she said, "children of about the age of five saluting the flag of their beloved nation... there are no men in uniform to force them to salute their country's flag, or to stop them from doing so. It explains why so many people are proud to say 'I am an American.'"

Another of the Camp Fire Girls who got her camera work hung in the New York hotel is Violet L. Swenson of Indianapolis. For a lass of 15 years Miss Swenson is an imaginative photographer as well as an all-out American. With the simple props of a Camp Fire Girl, a cat and a newspaper she preaches a potent sermon about American defense.

In the short essay which she wrote in explanation of her picture she said, "When you looked at my picture you probably thought that my kitten had no conception of what that headline meant or what it means to live in the United States of America. But I venture you didn't either when war broke out in Europe and some of us still don't realize how lucky we Americans are. Let's wake up and help America a good 'un'."

Betty Webb and Nancy Roberts, each aged 12 and up-

standing citizens of Princeton, Washington, collaborated on the picture of the Liberty Bell. They apparently are aware that the Liberty Bell is at the head of the government have no intention of sending another. A P.K. about the note, in the story to go with their picture, "when we see our soldiers marching, what a thrill it is to know they are not marching to war... and what a thrill it must be to see the Liberty Bell and know that there is liberty and justice for every American."

Further pictorial proof that the country's patriotic army of Camp Fire Girls understands the horrors of war and the boom of peace is found in the two photographs at the bottom of the page. One shows two Camp Fire Girls in Tulsa, Oklahoma, looking down on the section of their peaceful community. The little ten-year-old girl who submitted this picture wrote, "The homes in Europe are burned and blown to bits by bombs. The children in Europe are taken away from their mothers and fathers... Some children have bandages on different parts of them and they feel terrible. I am glad I live in America."

Doris Monette, who has just turned ten and who lives in the nation's capital, seems to be a very bomb conscious youngster too. Her contribution to the picture exhibition was a portrait of a little girl sleeping peacefully. It's title is "Sweet Dreams—No Bombs."

Miss Monette, who evidently knows what is going on in England and else where abroad, pointed up her picture with the following comment: "You do not have to get a few of your belongings and go sleep in a tunnel... you may sleep in your own house, in your own bed, and you may sleep contently." These amateur photographers—and their 280,000 sister Camp Fire Girls have given a timely lesson in patriotism to many Americans who may be forgetful of the privileges of living where they do.

Since the Camp Fire Girls were organized back in 1912 more than 2,000,000 youngsters between the age of ten and 18 have "learned by doing." Their leaders have taught them to do a thousand useful and constructive jobs ranging from the simple tasks of homemaking to painting and writing poetry. Tolerance and good citizenship are two of the cornerstones of the Camp Fire Girls' movement, and there are no distinctions as to class, race and religion.

If the country goes to war the Camp Fire Girls can be counted on to make a major contribution to the American way of life.

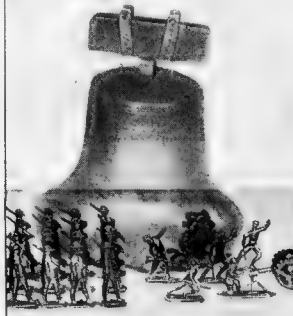
WHY THEY'RE GLAD THEY LIVE HERE

Americans Who May Be Inclined to Forget How Fortunate They Are Can Learn Something From the Country's Camp Fire Girls Who Took the Pictures on This Page to Illustrate Their Practical Patriotism



Millions for Defense—But Still Cat-Napping.
Wrote 12-Year-Old Violet Swenson, an Indianapolis Camp Fire Girl, Who Wants Uncle Sam to Speed Up His Defense Program.

I'm glad I'm an American



No Foreign Wars Is the Tag Line for This Imaginative Little Poster Photographed by Betty Webb and Nancy Roberts, Who Live in Princeton, Washington, and Think It's the Best Place in the World.

Nature's "Impossible" Lakes And Rivers

CHEMISTS who have analyzed the waters of the River Rhou that flows through Algeria say it is pure ink. The stream combines two tributaries, one of which originates in soil impregnated with iron and the other in a peat swamp filled with tannin. The resultant mixture is black iron tannate—an iron ink. Nature occasionally surprises mankind with her lavish bounty. Most people have heard of the wonderful lake of pitch in Trinidad, from which a quarter of a million tons of ready-made asphalt are exported every year. It is one of the wonders of the world, for no matter how much of the thick, sticky mass is excavated, the hole fills up almost at once and the supply seems inexhaustible.

But that is by no means the only ready-made storehouse that Nature has given the world. There is an equally wonderful lake, Macak, not far from the extinct volcano of Kilimanjaro, in British East Africa. This lake, of which few people have heard, is 16 miles long and eight wide, and

is fed by waters carrying soda in pure solution. The heat of the sun continually evaporates the water, causing the soda to settle, and the deposit increases faster than it can be removed. Millions of tons of valuable chemicals are there for the taking, and those who first are the white-crusted lake are astonished by its resemblance to an ice-bound sea—on the Equator.

Then there is the river of vinegar. It is named El Rio Vinagre and flows through Colombia, South America, near the active volcano, Purace. The acidity of its waters is due to its nearness to the volcano, and no fish can live in it. The stream contains 11 parts of sulphuric acid in every thousand, but later in its course the waters are cleaned. This is one of Nature's many freaks and some day mankind may find a practical use for it.



The Land of the Free
Beverly Berry, of Tulsa, Oklahoma, Is Only 10 Years Old, But She Knows How to Show That Her Home Town Is Free From Bombs and Bloodshed.



Sweet Dreams—No Bombs
Is the Clever Caption That 10-Year-Old Doris Monette, Who Lives in the Nation's Capital, Put on Her Photograph of a Child Not "in an Air-Raid Shelter."

A black and white photograph of a baby sitting inside a wooden sign that reads "PLEASE DO NOT KISS ME". The baby is looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression. The sign is made of dark wood with a white rectangular panel in the center containing the text in bold, black, sans-serif capital letters. The baby is positioned behind the sign, with only their head and shoulders visible. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

(Continued from Page 5)

That viruses can be harbored in a harmless state has been clearly demonstrated by Dr. Stanley and his colleagues at Rockefeller Institute. Proving the point has yet only been done on plants, for it is too dangerous to try on man.

Dr. Stanley tells of the potato virus disease which harmlessly infects nearly all potatoes in the United States. This virus, he says, is quite normal for po-

The reinforced frame rests inside a steel shell which in turn forms the frame for another and made of reinforced concrete, two feet square—thick. This frame is generally designed and provided should the bomb explosion shatter the inner container.

Recently reporting to the Society of Pathologists at Chicago

Writing recently in *Nature*, Dr. Gainger says:

But when the virus gets to the right kind of cells in the body, the trouble begins. The virus reproduces itself and behaves like living things. The virus, it appears, is the one thing which can pass over the blood-membrane with complete ease.

Every day
keep underarms
fresh with MUM.
It's quick!
It's easy to use!

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DARTMOUTH
DURHAM MICHIGAN
MOUNT HOLYOKE
MISSOURI NORTH CAROLINA
SKIDMORE
STANFORD TULANE
YALE

Whitney Smith, SYRACUSE '41 "I've chosen an Elgin De Luxe as my commencement gift," says this beautiful and talented young miss. She was Queen of the Coronation Senior Ball, Editorial Director of the "Daily Orange", President of Pi Beta Phi, and Vice-President of the Syracuse Panhellenic Association. Her grandfather, also named Whitney Smith, started the Elgin tradition in her family. And there it has been thriving ever since. A long welcome Whitney Smith to the Hall of Fame!

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Lady Ruth Vine, Hostess at Havana's Hotel Nacional, in whose Room Senor Carreno Says He Found Mr. Mungo, Along With the Hostess Herself and Senora Carreno.

(Continued from Page 11)

watchdog the slip or get him rearing drunk and send him back to McGraw.

But Mungo never required a hawshaw. He commits most of his transgressions right under the very nose of the management. A homing instinct seems to lure him back to his hotel

after a night of harmless roasting during which he has avoided trouble. When he gets within earshot of the boss is when the trouble starts.

Mungo's jam with the rhumba team in Havana's swank Nacional was only one of his escapades there. A few nights before he was in the bar of the Nacional, indulging in those

PITCHER MUNGO'S "WOO-PITCHING" WOES

pleasant while being escorted, which are as soothing to pitchers. After two drinks, Mungo announced he could pitch Bob Feller under a fly ball selected by a committee around the bar.

One more shot and he was telling the score by which he would win the opening game of the 1941 World Series from the Yankees.

The next stage called for ordering drinks for the house.

"And don't sleep those two fellows up at the end of the bar," warned Van. They look like a couple of regular guys.

The two regular guys happened to be Manager Leo Durocher and Coach Charley Dressen of the Dodgers.

This gave rise to the question: "What were they doing in the bar-room," but this query is dismissed as impertinent. A manager always has the right to enter a drug shop in pursuit of his pitchers and the coach's presence is justified by the fact that a witness is needed. Durocher and Dressen ordered two glasses of very, very gentlemen of the

pitcher's club. It was a simple, old-fashioned pitcher's club.

After the first drink, Van's pitcher's club was in the midst of a very lively discussion. Van's pitcher's club was in the midst of a very lively discussion.

A Bird That Stole Jewelry

WHEN her solid silver and a thousand ring turned up missing a society woman of Prague, Bohemia, sent for the police. The officers searched her house but found no trace of thieves.

Just as one of them was about to give up, he heard the flapping of wings. This was a strange sound in a house and he discovered a pet parrot flying about

the next day. The bird was seen to drop a small object which it dropped in front of the police.

The bird was seen to drop a small object which it dropped in front of the police. The bird was seen to drop a small object which it dropped in front of the police.

52 Vacations A YEAR

W... ..

SCHULTZ

THIS and every issue of The American Weekly cover phases of life and human activity that offer readers a source of pleasure and enlightenment.

FATAL GIFT

(Continued from Page 18)

his will was broken, his heart surrendered. Unconscious of anything but his great desire to bring back the exquisite happiness to her exquisite face, he rose went round to her, drew her to him and bent to kiss her eyes and mouth.

There were the palms, of course, and the screen and the flowers, but what did it matter? "I'm sorry, darling. I didn't mean to hurt you. I'm not stuffy, not proud. I'll do anything you say...only don't be unhappy." His own mouth twisted painfully. "Never be unhappy. Lai. I just can't bear it."

She took up his hand with one of her childlike and humble gestures and laid her cheek against it. It put the seal on his surrender.

No matter who suffered starvation, what mortal maid or man, this divinity must never lack for nectar and ambrosia. This service had become the dedication of his life.

The rest of their lunch was

eaten in gaiety. He ordered champagne to celebrate their mutual surrender, or perhaps to drown his doubts...in delight Lucy was very gay. She talked and laughed and told Peter the innocent short story of her life. Romantic love shone upon Peter.

He was not himself, nor any self he had ever been before. He was Lucy's idol and Lucy's idol, quite enough of a role surely for any youth of twenty-four even if he be the self-designated mate of another woman and something of a genius in airplane construction. He paid the really big bill with godlike ease.

It was not until he had put Lucy on her train, saying, with one last quiver of self preservation, "Don't tell anyone just yet, will you, darling? About us, I mean..." her farewell kiss on the cheek upon his mouth, that the sense of shameful treachery, of irretrievable disaster, came crashing.

He made the only honorable gesture that was left to make, went straight to his club and dashed off a letter to Jackie.

"I'm no good, Jackie. Give me up. I'll have to see this thing through. I can't help it. I tried I can't hurt her, she's so beautiful and sweet and really loves me. I don't know what it will do to us, to you and me, but...just cut me out. Don't even bother to try to forgive me. Waste of time. You're worth a million of me... You will think me a yellow dog...and crazy...I guess I'm both. But I meant every word I said to you with just as full a meaning as could possibly be given to it and I still mean it...which makes me a double traitor, doesn't it? But this with Lucy is something else, something I don't understand. I only know one thing and it's a final truth...my heart is broken."

(To Be Continued Next Week.)

The events and characters depicted in this serial are fictitious and any apparent similarity to actual persons living or dead is merely a coincidence.

WHAT WILL YOU G-MEN HAVE FOR LUNCH?

SPAM WICHES SURE SUIT THIS BUNCH!

SPAM

Slice cold SPAM and butter your bread! You may add sliced hard egg, lettuce, tomato, onion, and mustard, or mix your own combination.

BAKED SPAM IS EASY TO MAKE; I JUST POP A WHOLE SPAM INTO MY OVEN, BASTE IT THREE TIMES WITH THE SAUCE DESCRIBED ON THE LABEL...AND IN 25 MINUTES MY SPAM DINNER'S ON THE TABLE!

TRY SPAM AND SALAD, TOO! COLD OR HOT, THIS PURE PORK PRODUCT HITS THE SPOT! SPAM, THE MEAT OF MANY USES, COMES ONLY IN THE 12 OZ. CAN THAT NEEDS NO REFRIGERATION

SPAM

PORK SHOULDER MEAT HAM MEAT ABOVE

HORMEL GOOD FOODS

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RESINOL

Milk As A Fortified Food

ONE of the newest and most outstanding trends in the world of food is the scientific modification of foods known as "fortification." After long years of test, experiments and estimates, the laboratory chemists have shown us how the ideal of "scientific eating" is now at last a reality. By adding a definite quantity or amount of a recognized vitamin to a basic food, it is possible to improve, or thus "fortify," the particular food, so that it becomes still more highly nutritious and health-producing.

This dramatic and revolutionary food modification is already made familiar to the public in the instance of "fortified bread" (popularly called defense bread), and in the case of margarine, and with fluid milk, which has proved an ideal carrier for the addition of such fortified values. It is just as though the housewife added another egg, or another tablespoon of butter, to a certain milk sauce to make it richer—only, in this scientific "fortification," the addition is a vitamin concentrate.

Vitamin D, otherwise called the sunshine vitamin, is added to certain types of milk. This vitamin is recognized as playing a fundamental role in the development of good, strong bones and sound teeth. While this vitamin is needed throughout all adult life as well, its greatest requirement is during infancy, while the child is developing his bony structure, and by the pregnant mother who is creating a new organism.

Unfortunately, only a few common foods contain significant quantities of Vitamin D, and among these are egg yolk, the flesh of such oily fish as salmon, tuna and sardines, and, as has been well-known for years, the oil in the liver of the cod, the halibut, and lately discovered, the oil from shark livers. Unpleasant though it once was to take, cod liver oil is admittedly a "builder-upper" because of its Vitamin D source.

Almost paralleling these discoveries came the realization that sunlight, or the "sunlight" of ultra-violet lamps, can impart Vitamin D, not only to human organisms, but also to foods which do not naturally contain this vitamin. Here was a discovery, indeed, of the utmost importance in human feeding, for this meant that, by a process of subjecting foods to artificial sunshine, they, too, would be "irradiated" with Vitamin D food values.

This has already been done wisely, with the result that we have irradiated cereals, etc., and more to come, and that certain types of fluid milk may also be "irradiated" with Vitamin D. Last, it was noted that, by feeding to milk cows a definite ration of irradiated yeast and manna, the milk of those same cows would also be higher in its Vitamin D content.

Specifically, these three methods of "fortifying" fluid milk are as follows:

(1) The direct addition of either natural or manufactured Vitamin D concentrates.

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.



(2) The irradiation of milk by exposure to ultra-violet lamps.

(3) The scientific control of feeding of cows with irradiated yeast.

All three methods are acceptable to the Council of Foods of the American Medical Association, and the home-maker and the dairy may make her own choice, depending on licensed dairy conditions in her locality.

But why not buy such Vitamin D capsules or pills separately at the drugstore, and take them individually, instead of purchasing these special types of milk? This is a natural question, but the answer is practical:

When an individual takes any vitamin tablets or capsules he should by all means be under the care of a reputable physician, and not merely "dosing" himself in a hit-and-miss manner.

But when such Vitamin D concentrates are pre-added to fresh fluid milk at the dairy or food factory, the results are predetermined and guaranteed—that is, the quart of milk may contain 125 units, up to 400 units, but the purchaser knows positively that he will get that specific value and not less. He gets exactly what he pays for in known food values, and, moreover, such fortified milks can be shared by all members of the family, as against individual personal pillo-dosage.

For the greater potency in use, that quart of milk which registers 400 U. S. P. units per quart should be selected. This is especially true when feeding infants or others who are able to consume but a fraction of a quart of milk each day—since they are unable to handle an entire quart, that milk which they do take should be sufficiently nourishing, owing to its high rating.

What is "homogenized milk"? is another question asked by many mothers today. When milk is delivered at the door in its usual state, we see that it has a layer of cream on the top, and the remainder contains less fat. Often the depth in the bottle-neck of this cream layer has been taken (most erroneously) to indicate the quality of that particular bottle of milk. A common practice is to "pour off the top cream" and use it for the adults' coffee, leaving the balance of the quart for drinking purposes for the children. But, since the most

Vitamin D is to be found in the oil (cream or fat), this practice of removing the cream and leaving the skim-milk robs the remainder of its most valuable qualities.

Homogenized (meaning "the same throughout") is that dairy process which breaks up the fat globules and makes them more uniform throughout the entire quantity of milk.

In natural fresh fluid milk, as taken from the cow, the fat shows up under a microscope as small droplets. When these drops group together, they rise and form cream. But a process of homogenizing breaks these drops of fat into still smaller particles, so that they are forced to remain evenly distributed in the whole milk, without any layer of cream at the top of the bottle.

The advantages of such homogenized milk are obvious: All the fat, and all the "fortified" Vitamin D which may be added, are uniformly distributed, so that every ounce or glass of homogenized milk rates the same in food values. Again, this process makes the milk appear thicker and richer, and for most persons homogenized milk has a richer flavor and a smoother texture.

It should be recalled that, while these fortified milks are all-important in infancy, adolescence and growth, they are equally necessary with adults. Not fat, or weight, is needed by the busy housewife, but energy reserves.

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DOES YOUR COOKING MAKE A HIT?

HAVE you some special way of cooking or baking that makes certain dishes tastier and really delicious? THE AMERICAN WEEKLY will pay \$5 for each recipe sent in by readers and used in the "Housewife's Food Almanack"—the unusual feature on the second from the last page of this and every issue. Read the easy-to-follow rules on that page!

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Amanack Hints

HAVE you a fine or money-saving hint to pass on to other Amanackers? Such ideas are worth sharing with other readers, and the Amanack wants to print them—the more the merrier. For each such hint sent in and used in this department we will pay \$1. You may send in as many as you want. Hints not used cannot be returned. Please keep them short and to the point and address: ALMANACK HINTS' EDITOR, Grand Central Annex, New York.

STOCKINGS
I cut the reinforced toe from an old stocking and place it over my toes (before putting on stocking) then put stocking on. I have done this for over 20 years and have never had to mend any holes in toe of stocking.
Mrs. Joseph Schwarzer, Flushing, N. Y.

"COFFEE"
About a year ago my two-year-old son made up his mind that he didn't like milk. I tried almost everything and had given up in despair. Then one morning he asked for coffee, so as quickly as I could I heated some chocolate milk and gave it to him as "coffee." He drank two full cups, and he still likes his "coffee" but will not drink milk.
Mrs. Irene Webster, Fortville, Indiana.

MASHED
When serving mashed potatoes and a roast for supper, I save much time by placing meat to heat on oven while roasting meat. When needed for potatoes it is nice and hot and ready to do.
Margaret Stur, Buffalo, N. Y.

BIRTHDAY
To make birthday greetings for children I use note paper folded and paste one of the Amanack silhouettes on the top and a few words to go with it.
Mrs. John Smith, Tulare, Calif.

SOUP
When cooking a ham or cottage ham, add a cup of dried lima beans or navy beans to the water. When the ham is cooked, remove it. Then fry chopped onion in butter, add to liquid, thicken with flour, and you have a delicious bean soup.
Margaret G. Laczko, Warren, Ohio.

ICING
Add 2 tablespoons of peanut butter to powdered sugar for ordinary cake. This is a tasty icing and goes over big with the children. Add enough cream to moisten to right consistency.
Doris Hubbs, Odell, Oregon.

DRY
My cream puffs were always soggy until I found that a slit in each one allowed the steam to escape, leaving the puff dry.
Mrs. A. Murty, Buffalo, N. Y.

FILLING
I have discovered that caramel pie filling is delicious used between the layers of a devil's food cake and on the top also if the cake is to be eaten with f. fork.
Mrs. Grace Smith, Fresno, Calif.



No less amazing—than this offer is Pabst-ett, the delicious nourishing cheese food—a hundred uses. A couple of packages of Pabst-ett on the pantry shelf may prove mealtime lifesavers. With Pabst-ett you can make luscious cheese sauces in a jiffy... plain and open face sandwiches, hot or cold... appetizers... soufflés... salads... or single servings. Pabst-ett with crackers. And Pabst-ett is one food you can serve to all the family... even tiny tots—because it's easily digested and rich in nourishment. An excellent source of protein, Vitamin A, Vitamin G, valuable milk sugar and the milk minerals, calcium and phosphorus. Tomorrow... buy Pabst-ett!

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THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Not long ago the Almanack published a recipe for Stove Top Rolls. I judged that the sender thought this formula an almost forgotten early American food; so I thought undoubtedly she and many other readers would be interested to know that her recipe, with one variation, provides a sort of "staff of life" to hundreds of Latin Americans in the Southwest.

We call it the "tortilla" pronounced in Castilian, "to-ti-ya" but in the dialect of the Spanish Californians, "to-tya." Not only is it used as we use a slice of bread while eating, but it is also the base for many delicious dishes. Those of us who do not have wood stoves, use a griddle for our stove top cakes.

It seemed a coincidence that published that some week a delightful recipe for a frying pan stew. I think that the lady who sent in that recipe would like to know that Spanish people use their frying pans for stews made in many different manners.

Although chefs might insist on my methods of concocting the following recipe, of Castilian, Spanish American, and Portuguese origin I am submitting them herewith, feeling that those gastronomes who try to make it recognize them as tasting similar to those on the menus of our Latin restaurants.

The Tortilla
Fill a 4-cup shirley with white flour. Add 1 teaspoon salt. Sift three-fourths of this into a large mixing bowl. Mix in shortening.



Tortillas Can Be Tasty, Too
By MRS. NELL NETTO,
Acacia Park, Salinas, California.

size of egg, or cooking oil in like amount. Add water to make a dough. Knead, sitting balance of flour from after, until kneaded dough can be lifted in hands smoothly. Between the thumb and forefinger pinch off pieces the size of an egg. After entire amount of dough has been made into balls, rub the outside of each lightly with shortening, gently making the balls rounder. Cover with cloth and let stand for a half hour or so. Have a griddle, very hot, but do not add grease. Sift flour board lightly with flour. Roll out the balls until quite thin. Put on hot griddle, and turn as soon as toasted to the other side. Lay same on cloth, and cover the stack of "tortillas," and keep them warm until time to serve.

The early Spanish Californian women did not use a rolling pin. They had a knack of patting the balls in their hands and working

HOUSEWIFE'S FOOD ALMANACK

Rancholes supply the dessert for the evening "snack."

The Empanada
Little individual fried pies. Spanish women frequently take tortillas, and fill them with finely diced meat, sometimes adding a few raisins; or fill with browned hash, or a custard pumpkin, or a rice pudding. They shape them into little pies, forked for air space, as we do our pies, and fry them gently, not in a great deal of grease as we do, for they are thrifty, but gently, and patiently turn them until they have browned through. These are used in their husbands' lunches as we use sandwiches, and are delicious.

Once I saw a poor Mexican woman fix a lunch for her husband. First she put a dainty napkin (surprisingly made of a bleached flour sack, edged with Spanish drawn work, but a real work of art) into the lunch pail. Then she filled the box with tacos and empanadas, and an orange. Simple, but appetizing.

Ranchera Macaroni
The only way I have seen macaroni cooked by the Ranchera (farm women) is in a skillet.

The "taco," pronounced "ta-ka," the "ta" as in the exclamation "ah," merely means a tortilla filled with some other food, and rolled. We have them occasionally on Sunday evenings in my home. It is always delightful to watch my husband and sons try to put out a tortilla.

It looks so easy, but though they have tried many times, they have always had to throw their tortilla ball away, getting the dough all over their hands, and sometimes all over my kitchen. As I toast the tortillas, I hand them to the family, one at a time. On the table I have grated cheese, shredded lettuce, and warm cooked ground meat, or chopped meat, or some left-over roast or fowl. A tortilla filled with a little of each of these ingredients is the real taco. But my husband still prefers just melted butter and a sprinkling of cheese rolled up in his tortilla.

The Banquet
Just as my family are getting tired of "tacos," I usually take the last two remaining balls, and roll them out very thin. Then I put them in very hot oil, and brown lightly, and quickly remove them to a platter covered with paper to absorb the grease. Then I sprinkle them with grated sugar and cinnamon. These

The Baby High Chair Was Invented by a Scribe in the 16th Century. So That His 18-Month-Old Son Could Dine With Him in Comfort.

EASY PINEAPPLE Sherbet

NO COOKING NECESSARY TO MAKE IT

"THIS is the beginning of sherbet time," writes Mrs. N. O. Nelson, Merced Island, Washington. "And here is a dessert that I am sure the whole family will enjoy. Please try it."

1 small can crushed pineapple
1 tablespoon lemon juice
Combine sugar, pineapple (contents of whole can), lemon juice and lemon rind. Add cream and stir until dissolved. Pour into mechanical refrigerator tray, and stir until firm. Remove to bowl and beat until light and creamy. Return to tray for final freezing.

"The chunks of pineapple make it different from any sherbet we have ever eaten. The cream makes it delicious for a company meal—but for children, one can substitute milk and it is very nice."

"If you wish it to be a 'Frozen Pineapple Pudding' just put it in the upper freezing tray where it will not freeze hard."

"It is our favorite dessert. Thank you for your splendid page of recipes 'Dear Almanack.'"

(Mrs. Nelson, many of our readers have asked for "delicious frozen dishes that require no work." You seem to have solved the problem for this is an unobtainable good recipe with a very little expenditure of effort. We shall pass it on to our readers with much pleasure now that the warm Spring days are reminding us that chilled or frozen desserts are so acceptable. We tried your sherbet with cream and it was delicious. We tried it with milk because some of our readers do not like to risk taking on extra weight by enjoying rich cream desserts. The milk sherbet was delicious and refreshing—Mary Lee Swann.)

Ancient Libyans Eagerly Hunted for Hawks, the Necks of Which When Stuffed, Were Considered Great Delicacies. Only Married Men Were Permitted to According to Libyan Law. Only Married Men Were Permitted to Eat Them.

STRING BEAN SALAD

SIMPLE, OLD-FASHIONED AND EXCELLENT

"O MAKE this fine old-fashioned salad, simply take green beans, string and break, boil them in salted water until tender, skin them out, put a sliced onion over them, salt and pepper, heat vinegar with a little ham fat and pour over it." writes Mr. Fred C. Morris, Cleveland, Ohio. "Serve hot or cold. Be sure to try this recipe soon. I'm sure you'll like it."

(Mrs. Morris, we are glad to include this fine little recipe in our salad file. It should prove very popular—Mary Lee Swann.)



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32 LIBBY'S MEATS... EACH A FLAVOR TRIUMPH

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